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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

It is clear that the French Ministry have been none too quick in sending reinforcements to General Drude. Why a campaign of denial as to his demand for them and as to the absolute necessity for them should have been maintained for so long is inexplicable. The situation certainly becomes graver every day. We hear now for the first time of the loss of officers among the French, and the tribesmen are quite unable to recognise that they are beaten. The French General's force will not avail at present for anything beyond repulsing attacks. When reinforcements actually arrive, we may expect General Drude to begin offensive movements and to occupy the heights whence his foes at present descend. Once beyond the range of the guns of the fleet, the French troops will have lost a valuable auxiliary. But greater difficulties must arise in the near future.

With the coming of the equinoctial gales the position of the French vessels will be untenable, and it may be impossible to land troops at all for a time. Nothing definite is known about the policy of Mulai Hafid, but sanguine anticipations paint him as well-disposed and desirous of reaching Casablanca solely to negotiate with the French and "restore order". Still less is known about the nominal ruler of Morocco, but the report of his surrender seems at all events to have been "greatly exaggerated". Nothing can hide the fact that the attitude of the Spaniards is ambiguous. They explain their inaction on the ground of having no camping materials. These necessities are now said to have arrived, and the Spaniards should be ready to take their place beside the French. The French Government have none too soon determined to send another ship to Tangier.

An Anglo-Russian agreement has been signed but its terms are as yet a secret. We are told it consecrates the status quo. If so, our interests in Persia may be taken as fairly well protected, though there has been considerable nervousness about this among well-informed people. It is stated apparently on good authority that the agreement is confined in its application to Asia. If Russia be successfully barred from any encroachments towards the Persian Gulf there will not perhaps be much to quarrel with, but we await the text with some anxiety. These agreements do not carry us very far towards solutions. They show some amount of goodwill on the part of the parties, but whether they are in the end worth all the elaborate negotiation which is necessary to fashion them may be doubted. Perhaps their most valuable outcome is the prolonged discussion of the two sides of the question between the principals.

The British Government is said to have scored a great success at the Hague. Our representatives have carried in the Committee of Examination to which this matter has been submitted their proposal to institute a list of subjects which must be submitted to the permanent Arbitration Court without any reservation. We cannot see that this carries the matter much further, for even now only a preliminary stage has been reached. The rights of neutrals would seem to be a subject on which such a gathering as that at the Hague might give useful guidance; but whatever has been done is purely tentative. As for the practical work carried out, it leaves matters much as they were. Both the German and French schemes have been rejected. Evidently the Congress is not over, for the Dutch Government has informed its members that it will not disturb their labours when the States General meet on the 17th.

The lock-out at the Antwerp docks is almost an exact replica of the Belfast disturbances, except that what has happened there arises directly out of the labour dispute. In Ireland Nationalist and religious animosities seized on it as a pretext. But what has undoubtedly caused the Antwerp dispute to assume such a formidable aspect is the introduction of large bodies

of Englishmen collected here and organised by a society run as a profit-making enterprise on the American system known as strike-breaking. Quite irrespective of the merits of a dispute this society holds itself out to supply men either in England or abroad to bring about the collapse of strikes. The natural consequence of this introduction of foreigners into national trade disputes is to arouse national animosities and increase the difficulties of the local authorities in maintaining order.

It is becoming probable that this may yet be a serious question between Governments. In the Antwerp case not only had the civic authorities difficulties to contend with in keeping order amongst their own people, but the foreign labourers imported got up a strike amongst themselves which had to be repressed, and on these men being disarmed they were found to have helped themselves largely to the property of the ships on which they had been working. The men who are collected for such an expedition are naturally of a low class; and they have not only to be protected from the native workman, but kept from doing mischief on their own account. We in England should certainly resent the operations of any society abroad which landed such a class of foreigners amongst us. Quite apart from the trade union view expressed at the Trade Union Congress, measures ought to be taken to prevent these exportations of Englishmen and the importation of foreigners into England to take part in trade disputes.

Persia is now, we believe, to be classed among constitutional countries; at least it possesses what is called a Parliament. It is clearly following the same line of development as the Balkan States. On Saturday last Amin-es-Sultan, the Prime Minister, was murdered almost on leaving his residence. Before the advent of the "Constitution" he was an omnipotent Grand-Vizier, was then exiled, but had been recently restored to something like his former position. He had made his peace with the Progressives, but was murdered by the agent of some revolutionary committee. He was about the only strong man in Persia, and having travelled in America may have acquired some of the arts useful in manipulating constitutional assemblies. His fatalism was Oriental, but his talent was greatly respected by the European diplomats who have had intercourse with him. The future of Persia is obscure, but violent changes in that country are not in the interest of Great Britain.

A decision of the Court of Appeal of New Zealand is a very needful supplement to the Act establishing the Court of Arbitration for settling disputes between employers and workmen. There have been few strikes since the Act came into force, but one broke out amongst slaughtermen at Wellington just when thousands of sheep were ready for exportation to England. The strikers were fined, but refused to pay, and in the lower Court it was held they were not liable to imprisonment. This decision has now been reversed, and it prevents the Act from becoming abortive, as it would otherwise have been. According to the general opinion, strikes in New Zealand will become a thing of the past. They had already been greatly reduced under the Act, and New Zealand has solved a problem which is still troubling us here; though conciliation boards and negotiations between employers and trade union officials have often averted strikes, and are probably leading up to the time when the New Zealand plan can be adopted.

It is possible to make too much of the uproar in Dublin last week, and the protection of Mr. Redmond by the police. After all, in their time most Irish leaders have been protected by the police. Mr. Healy has been protected, Parnell was protected. Dr. Tanner himself, one seems to remember, had to be guarded once or twice. Because among Nationalists there are Cains in spirit and because there might even be some Abels into the bargain were it not for the police, it does not follow that the cause of Unionism is not in the least danger. But English papers so often rejoice

over Nationalist differences as if these made for the complete comfort and safety of the other side. The set against Mr. Redmond is being made, we ought to remember, by a section of the Nationalists who are far bitterer and who as opponents would be far more dangerous to Unionism than he is. We would rather see Mr. Redmond leader than Mr. Healy or than some representative of Sinn Féin. Mr. Redmond will always temper rebellion with a certain respectability. We need have no objection to his being harassed, but may he continue nominally to reign.

The wish to get hold somehow of a bit of another person's property, this is at the back of a good many Radical "reforms". Does anyone with a clear and honest mind really suppose that the land legislation schemes of the Government are not instigated by this wolfish—if human—wish? We do not suggest this is the motive of the Ministers who are responsible for the Bills. For one thing a Cabinet Minister is in too "comfortable circumstances" to covet other people's things—it is his hungrier, more envious supporters he caters for. Lord Rosebery's dislike of the well-abandoned Scotch Land Bill seems however to be on other grounds. He does not condemn it for its predatory nature but for its insanity. He has just told a correspondent that he does not approve of that Bill because he is "not a declared lunatic". If Lord Rosebery has any influence in Scotland, this should prove about the heaviest blow he has struck at the Government. Scotch people need not be very angry with the House of Lords for spoiling a measure that can only be approved by "declared lunatics".

For cynical effrontery the dismissal of Sir Horace Plunkett, because he was doing Ireland too good a service to please his political opponents, is still a record and a triumph. It is quite unforgettable. A committee has been formed to make a presentation to Sir Horace as a mark of general public esteem. The idea is to found an institution with headquarters and "machinery" which will enable him to carry on his educative and co-operative work. A thousand pounds has already been subscribed as a start. The Plunkett Presentation Committee, Kildare Street, Dublin, is the address to which subscribers should send their cheques. Lately Lord Rosebery declared that Ireland did not deserve Sir Horace Plunkett. At any rate we hope that the institution will have its headquarters in England and will work largely for English farmers and small holders. Where Sir Horace Plunkett is really wanted, and where we trust he will be within the next few years, is at the Board of Agriculture in London.

Is it not an absurd thing that four of the ablest men in public life to-day—Curzon, Milner, Plunkett and Rosebery—should be unemployed by the State? If our Constitution were "kept up to date", and accurately represented the character and genius of the nation, we should never have men of this stamp out of work. A Carrington instead of a Plunkett, an Elgin instead of a Milner, a Campbell-Bannerman instead of a Rosebery—this scarcely makes for efficiency if brain is a thing that counts substantially in public administration.

At Bath the fortieth Trade Union Congress has been sitting during the week, but it has been singularly void of interest. The Parliamentary Committee's list of measures for trades unions to support, and the President's address, only provide topics which have long been stale at the congresses. Trade unionists have had land nationalism, old-age pensions, unemployment, and so on, on their agenda so long that they have nothing new to say about them. So that whatever vitality there has been in the talk was mostly in such topics of the day as the House of Lords, the Antwerp and Belfast strikes, or the relations of the trade union section in Parliament to the socialist sections. The trade unionists are angry with the interference of socialists at elections where there are trade unionist candidates. There is to be a renewed attempt made to settle the differences. These were the only real "live" subjects at the congress. Mr. Burns can hardly be called that. Even to

be told that he is a lost soul and is living like a fighting cock does not seem novel.

We remember a great hullabaloo a few years ago when a Conservative paper published the menu of Mr. John Burns on board an Atlantic liner. Champagne and turtle soup were included. Why in the world "a friend of the people" should not have had these things, provided he could get them good, we never could understand; nor could we understand the loud protests about "hitting below the belt" which the Liberal papers and politicians made. But to-day people are more sensible. No one objects seriously to a friend of the people "faring in fine linen". Mr. Quelch and Mr. Knee, for instance, may hobnob with a titled colleague who addresses her letters from the Ritz, Piccadilly, and no little Tory dogs bark at them. Mentioning Mr. Knee, though, may remind one of the fact that he declined with severe comment the invitation to the Mayor of Bath's "At Home". Somehow "At Homes", musical soirées and the like do not seem quite in keeping with the stern stuff of a workmen's business gathering.

It is unfortunate that the break-up of the weather has to some extent marred the success of the combined manoeuvres of the Eastern and Southern Commands, which commenced at midnight last Sunday. The troops of the Eastern Command under Lord Methuen have been operating on their own account in the neighbourhood of the New Forest since the first week in August, and at the close of this training they marched northwards towards Salisbury Plain to oppose the Southern Command under Sir Ian Hamilton. This year a continuous battle of six days after the Russo-Japanese War model has been arranged; and though the troops are carrying more baggage than in the four days' continuous battle in Sussex last year, the wet nights, premature frosts, and unfortunate series of contretemps as regards the transport must be causing the directing staff some anxiety. By the way it is surely a little retrograde for infantry officers to be wearing swords again on manoeuvres. They had been discarded since the South African War, and obviously they make the officer an excellent target at quite long ranges. But in these matters we always slavishly follow others. The Japanese officers wear them; so we perforce must follow their example.

The manoeuvre season is by no means over; for the manoeuvres of the Aldershot Command under Sir John French have still to take place. It must be admitted that the Treasury have this year been quite open-handed in providing money to be spent on manoeuvres. Thus troops have been moved to the manoeuvre area in Dorsetshire and Hampshire by rail instead of by road, and more transport is available; whilst extensive manoeuvres have taken place in various Commands. Still though all this makes for good in general, we are not advocates of carrying the idea too far. Manoeuvres are of course a very valuable training for generals and staff, but regimental officers and men learn little from them. Moreover the latter should not be put to unnecessary inconvenience. When the time comes, all are ready to bear any hardships, as they always have been. So to worry them unnecessarily in peacetime is no gain.

The night attacks of the torpedo-boats are a useful and very interesting feature of mimic naval warfare, and no doubt some good work has been done in the Solent during the last fortnight. But it occurs to a good many people—especially to sufferers who have been almost blown out of their beds at midnight in the Isle of Wight—is it necessary to use quite so much powder? So long as the search-light at the Forts does its work and the "enemy" is discovered, surely very moderate charges of powder will serve well enough. The ordinary practice of the guns at a target in the daylight is a very different matter: here there can be of course no question of waste of powder.

The selection of Major-General Heath, of the Army Service Corps, to be Inspector-General of

Remounts calls for comment. The Army Service Corps is a useful body, but the members are not in the full sense of the term soldiers. To be good at stores and transport does not make a man a judge of horses. Surely Mr. Haldane could have found a cavalry or artillery officer or one of the Army Veterinary Corps to fill this appointment. But he is evidently in the hands of his Permanent Secretary, Sir Edward Ward, whose whole career was spent in the A.S.C. It will be rather hard on the fighting branches if the army is to be run entirely by an A.S.C. man.

While economists are disputing as to what has raised the price of coal, the price steadily goes up. Coalowners and colliers are making their fortunes, and ironworkers have not been depressed; in spite of dear coal they have been doing very well. As we showed in an article last week Germany and Holland and Belgium have good reason for being satisfied with getting coal from us less export tax. In short coal has been a subject for joy all round except to the domestic consumer, and what with good trade and a cold summer he has been between the upper and the nether millstone. He must wait for this extra ten shillings a ton to be taken off—it is said to reach so much for poor people buying in small quantities—until trade is bad again. Dear coal will, of course, bring this about. Already ironworks are closing down; other trades will follow and the collieries become slack: and we shall be in for the slump. Then coal will be cheap, but trade will be bad and wages less, and the householder may wonder whether he prefers coal cheap or dear.

The Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords appointed to consider the question of the unfinished decorations in the Palace of Westminster will probably commend itself to most people. England is the only great Power which would permit the decorations of a public building of the first importance to remain for many years partially completed. So much is done in this country by private effort that the resolution of the original Committee to bar all private assistance was clearly wrong, especially in view of the rapid increase of the frescoes in the Royal Exchange entirely due to private munificence. Sketches and designs exist, to a large extent by the artists originally employed, towards the completion of the work, and it would be no great strain on the generosity of the Treasury to be asked for £4,000 a year for this object.

No discovery has been made by the Staffordshire police which lessens the mystery of the horse-maimings at Great Wyrley. A new affair of the same kind happened seven or eight miles from Great Wyrley before the excitement about the first had died down. Nothing has yet been done to obtain the co-operation of the Scotland Yard detectives, and neither the Home Office nor the Police Commissioners can very well interfere without the goodwill of the local police. In spite of their blundering in the past the police are too obstinate to admit their failure again in the new circumstances, yet unless the criminal is discovered the outrages will doubtless begin again as soon as the extra watchers and police are withdrawn. Even with all the precautions, it is reported that on Thursday another animal was found maimed in a field at Brewood, about eight miles from Great Wyrley. We should also expect arrests, and the latest incident is the arrest of a young man, employed as a butcher at Wolverhampton, in connexion with the injuries done to Captain Harrison's horses a fortnight ago, which started the new series of crimes. A cap and pipe are said to be clues in the case.

There is no need to fear any serious indiscretion in the new prison order under which three hundred and fifty prisoners were released last Monday from London prisons before they had served the full period of their sentences. The order makes no alteration in the system of remissions under which prisoners serve long sentences; but it adapts this system to the case of minor sentences. Most of the prisons are filled with this class of offenders, who, generally speaking, are not habitual criminals or persons seriously dangerous to society. Room is wanted in the prisons; it is desirable not to

spend rates unnecessarily on keeping prisoners who might be out earning their own living, nor is it desirable that such persons should be hardened by punishments out of proportion to their offences, of which there is always the chance. The order seems likely to be very useful.

Sir George Gibb, at the various meetings of tube railway companies he addressed on Wednesday, spoke of the slowness of the public in realising the existence of new railway facilities. We remember his pointing out this future difficulty at the opening of one of his railways months ago. At the opening of the Charing Cross, Euston and Hampstead tube 140,000 people were carried free as an advertisement; and yet the traffic is not what might reasonably be expected. Foreigners admire these tubes, and so do Londoners when they happen to be there; but it must be admitted it is a terrible business to comprehend all the connexions and know how to go from one to another. One goes by a route he knows, but the others are a mystery. The Central is the only one uncomplicated; but its side tracks are appalling. Sir George Gibb must have patience with the public density and do still more advertising.

Sir John Pound, at the meeting of the London General Omnibus Company, also indulged his grief on the part of his company. It has had a bad half-year: and he anticipates the next half too will be bad. This is pessimistic indeed, because much of the past half-year's ill-fortune has been due to the weather. We are to expect therefore it will not be better: but it cannot be much worse even when winter comes. Another cause is that supply of public vehicles of all sorts in London has exceeded the demand: whether horse-omnibuses, motor-omnibuses, or tube railways or tramways. None of the private companies have paid; most of the motor-omnibus companies are in a bad way or have quite gone to the bad, and the "General" has taken off a number of its motors. Horse-omnibuses are avenged, and there is joy, jubilation and chaff on the box-seat. The public also congratulates itself on the clearing from the streets of the foul motor vehicle which has poisoned the ordinary citizen and the City Police. Let us be thankful the orgy is over and that the streets will become fairly decent once more.

"A conservator of the rights of the public" is usually a quarrelsome and interfering person. He loves a scene in public, so he can figure as chief performer in it. But we may sympathise with him when he gets a man convicted and fined a shilling and costs for entering and staying in a railway carriage that already holds its "full complement". That is, of course, we sympathise as one of the "full complement". Nothing is more disappointing than to find people trooping into one's railway carriage, till there is no standing-room left, when one has secured a good corner seat and expects a comfortable journey. But it is also very annoying to arrive late and find every carriage packed and to be frowned at or reproached by the passengers in possession, when one tries to get standing-room. The Feltham magistrates last week fined a passenger, who stood up in a full carriage, a shilling and costs, a conservator of the public rights having taken up the case.

The justice of the case is not an easy thing to decide upon. It certainly seems hard on a man if, having taken a ticket and arranged to travel by a certain train, he is prosecuted for doing so: it is also hard on other people to have their carriage vilely overcrowded by a row of people standing up. Our idea of the justice of the thing probably veers according to whether we picture ourselves in the position of the people sitting down or in that of the man standing up. The natural impulse in a case like this is to put the whole blame on the railway companies. Boobies are always prepared to show that, with a little intelligence in the managers and directors, there would be plenty of room, plenty of trains at all hours to all places for all men. Unfortunately there are shareholders; and they would never get a farthing dividend if theorists ran the railways.

## THE CRISIS IN PORTUGAL.

THE state of affairs in Portugal is perhaps easier for a foreign friend of that country to assess at its true value than for a native living either in or out of the country. Among a people who have reached to so high a degree of social civilisation as the Portuguese, who are, by breeding and circumstance, keen politicians, it is difficult for any citizen to be impartial. It is difficult for any intelligent lover of his country not to be biased, one way or the other, in presence of such an unexpected development of his country's affairs as that started by Senhor Franco.

The Portuguese are a people in whose blood is a happy blend of northern vigour and southern fire. Looking to the marvellous achievements in the past of the Portuguese in war, in self-government, in exploration, discovery and conquest beyond the seas, in literature and in some of the greater branches of art, one is inclined to think that Portugal, a country less populous than Ireland, has done far more, considering its size and numbers, than any other nation to acquire that which the world, by common consent, considers the true fame and glory of nations. The trials and experiences of such a country deserve careful study.

Portugal, from its birth as a modern nation in the eleventh century, has been governed fairly well. In later mediæval times the administration of the country was remarkably good as government went in those days, thanks to two favouring things: one that its kings were mostly strong, capable and patriotic rulers, neither tyrants nor fainéants; the other that their subjects were lovers of freedom and sticklers for their just rights. It was only in that evil period for kings and peoples, the eighteenth century, that Portuguese rulers failed and the Portuguese people suffered. They suffered with most of the rest of Europe in the pre-revolution age. The presence among them of a great and enlightened statesman, the Marquis of Pombal, saved king and people from the extremities endured by other kings and peoples. After Pombal, and for the next two generations, Portuguese government and administration were at a very low ebb.

The ancient glory seemed to have departed from Portugal for ever, her enterprise abroad and her industrial energy at home had ceased. True, her soldiers had fought, on our side, during the Peninsular War with all their ancient gallantry and devotion to their country, but the after-results of that great war for independence were disastrous in the extreme. Native and foreign generals (Lord Beresford chief among them), backed by the army, intrigued against the people's liberties and against fair government. The Queen Consort, an ambitious and silly woman, plotted against the King, holding out the offer of a new Constitution to gain her ends. At this time the freedom of the individual citizen was all but lost, and corruption was rampant in the land.

It was in 1820 that a fresh misfortune befell the nation. Then Portugal obtained—a thing only admirable for the nation which has won it for itself, in the slow struggle of succeeding centuries—a Representative Constitution. The Constitution given to the country has been repeatedly amended and extended during the last eighty-seven years, till it is now a fairly colourable imitation of the one which it has taken twelve centuries to develop in England. It is not, however, time alone which has been in default in fitting a brand-new Constitution to the Portuguese, it is the character itself of the people. It may safely be predicated of any Latin or semi-Latin nation that it prefers a government which tends to be personal rather than one, like our model, free Constitutions of North and North-western Europe, which work automatically. This fairly obvious proposition, however, has been ignored during the period in which the Portuguese nation has groaned under an automatic representative Constitution.

Ever since the Swiss Jurist, De Lolme, in the eighteenth century, wrote a book to prove that the way of government in the United Kingdom was the best possible way of government for all the peoples of the world, in all circumstances and in all conditions, liberal and well-meaning foreign politicians have wasted no opportunity to urge the adoption of this panaceal Constitution. We

know how our statesmen, during the last sixty years, have never lost a chance of advising our national friends and allies to come under the sway of institutions based upon our own. Portugal has taken our advice. With what result? With the result that has culminated in the recent action of Senhor Franco.

For a long time past Portugal has been governed by two parties, the Regeneradores and the Progressistas. Both these names suggest reform and progress, but neither party has individual political opinions except in opposition. Each is as reactionary as the other in office. There is another party, but it has always remained in the outer darkness of opposition, the Republican. The Regeneradores and Progressistas are the only office-holders, and they agree so well together that, when one of them has enjoyed the sweets of office—the phrase has a very extended meaning in Portugal—for a reasonable time, it drops off and gives place to its rival. With such regularity has this rotation of office-holding taken place that the two leading parties in the State have acquired the name of the Rotativos. It is not for a foreigner to bring charges against the administration of a friendly country, but he cannot help listening to the Portuguese themselves, and Portuguese of all classes and opinions daily denounce the maladministration of both Regeneradores and Progressistas. By common report there does not seem to be a pin to choose between them. Corruption and nepotism and rampant bribery are commonly alleged to pervade every department of State under either Ministry alike. These accusations may be unfounded. They may be exaggerated, but they are the subject of daily talk in street, office, market-place and drawing-room.

There is an offhand saying that has accounted for much misdirected effort, "A bad workman complains of his tools". Another comfortable saying asserts that "Whate'er is best administer'd is best". An application of these very doubtful aphorisms might lead one to infer that the Portuguese people were themselves to blame if the political implement in their hands does not work smoothly, and that their Constitution is good enough if only they knew how to administer it. Proof that the inference would be unsound is furnished by the experience of those who know the Portuguese people. There are many of our race who have lived among them and who do. No honest man lives than the individual Portuguese, no man more willing to go straight, no greater hater and denouncer of tortuous ways, social and political. Reverse the first of the above maxims and we come nearer to the truth of the matter, "A bad tool makes a bad workman". The Constitution set over the Portuguese is a bad tool—for their hands—though it is very well fitted to the needs of another and differing race of men.

Senhor Franco, or, to give him his full name, Senhor João Ferreira Pinto Castello Franco, is a Republican, and by common consent an honest and straightforward man. He also happens to have a good private fortune. Senhor Franco came to the notice of the European public as the consequence of one of those political accidents which occur scores of times with no sequel, but which, for once, has had serious consequences. A short time ago, the Regeneradores (Conservatives) had as usual succeeded a Progressista administration, which, as the result of a trifling political incident, had had but a very short tenure of office. It happened that a leader of the Republican party was met and welcomed at the railway terminus by his political friends. It is alleged that nothing took place which could fairly be held illegal in a free country, but the police, acting on the instructions of the Government, repressed the demonstration with violence and wounded men women and children in the crowd. The public was indignant and excited, and the storm of feeling outside was reflected in the House. The Ministry asked the King's leave to prorogue the Cortes, and when his Majesty refused they resigned. The King, acting according to precedent, would have called upon the Progressistas to form a Government, but that party had been in office so short a time before that he thought it fitter to call upon Senhor Franco to do so. The Franquistas, as the followers of Senhor Franco came to be called, obtained some electoral and parliamentary help from the Progressistas. A new Cortes was called,

and it is said that never before in the memory of man was a Portuguese election conducted with greater fairness and absence of interference from headquarters.

The Progressistas presently abandoned the Franquistas and joined the Regeneradores in violent and obstructive opposition to the new Government, and Senhor Franco, finding parliamentary government impossible, dissolved the Cortes and ruled the country *em dictadura*, that is, without the votes of Parliament and by means of Royal decrees. Government *em dictadura*, be it observed, is no novel expedient in Portugal. It has been resorted to as often as the Cortes have become too unruly and impossible for any other form of government, and it is noticeable that the country, as a rule, is by no means indignant at such invasions of its so-called liberties.

It would appear, by all accounts that have reached us, that this is very much the case with the present mild dictatorship of Senhor Franco. The members of the two great parties, who are being kept out of office, make the chief outcry, their organs in the press furiously protesting against a form of tyranny which the people seem to submit to with more than equanimity. The Portuguese nation, indeed, as a whole seem to be only too glad to be relieved from the never-ending intrigues, jobs and bickerings of their parliament house.

There is no doubt that the King is not opposed to the policy of Senhor Franco, and the only point at issue is whether Senhor Franco, supported by the King, and with the tacit approval of the people at large, is strong enough to resist the united force of the two disappointed and dispossessed parties.

It must not be forgotten that the Portuguese but half belong by race to the cold and compromise-loving North. There is an explosive force in them that may change the whole situation in a week, a day, or an hour.

#### THE RE-SETTLEMENT OF THE EAST.

THE signature by Russia and Japan on 30 July last of an additional convention defining their mutual relations completes a series of agreements designed to assure—so far as human prevision and prearrangement may assure—the proximate peace of the Far East. The Treaty of Portsmouth had been supplemented, already, by the subsidiary treaty which it bespoke; each Power in turn has made with China the conventions necessary to give effect to its provisions; and the two groups of allies—Great Britain and Japan and Russia and France, the four Powers preponderantly interested in the Far East—have, by a sort of diplomatic cross-vaulting, affirmed that the territorial status quo shall be upheld and equality of commercial opportunity maintained. Any other country, any other Government than that of Peking remembering that it could be said, only eight years ago, that China had been partitioned into spheres of industrial interest which might become spheres of political influence in certain easily conceivable eventualities, would welcome these guarantees of integrity and independence. But China is a country apart, and mandarins are not as other men. "China is", we are told, "far from satisfied. The Franco-Japanese Convention, made, as have been several other recent agreements regarding China, in complete disregard to China herself, has deeply wounded the national pride". So much so that the Wai-wu-pu addressed last month simultaneous notes to the French and Japanese Legations protesting against the derogation of Chinese sovereignty implied in the undertaking by the two Powers mutually to support each other in maintaining peace and security "in the regions of the Chinese Empire in the vicinity of the territories where they have rights of sovereignty &c.". The maintenance of peace and order in Chinese territory is (the Legations are told) "a sovereign responsibility of China, and she cannot permit the interference of other Powers in assuring peace and security in her own territory". Well! The maintenance of peace and order in Peking was a sovereign responsibility of China; and the world was witness, seven years ago, how admirably she fulfilled it. The Chinese Government is rarely whole-hearted: its actions are generally an expression of compromise rather than of authority. If the attack on

the Legations had been whole-hearted they might hardly have held out. Still, it was hardly due to any recognition or exercise by the Government of its "sovereign responsibility" that the bombardment provided for the nightly entertainment of the Empress failed to culminate in massacre. The Legations concerned appear to have replied in the present instance, with admirable sobriety of language, that the whole object of the convention was to respect the independence and integrity of China and that no impairment of China's sovereign rights was dreamed of. But it is little surprising that the "Times" correspondent should conclude his narrative by an equally sober postulate that China will learn in time how far reforms still require to be carried before her Government can be treated by other Powers on a footing of equality. We hear constantly of changes and projects of change. We hear of the creation of new Boards and of the application to others of new names. Twelve months ago it was a new department to control the Imperial Maritime Customs. This was merged—or supposed to be merged—in the Board of Revenue, which has been re-christened Board of Finance. But now comes news that an official, Lu Hai-an, too distinguished to be regarded as a figure-head, has been appointed to the very post of Comptroller around which such keen controversy arose last year. A decree of 7 July changes the title of Provincial Judge to that of Judicial Commissioner, and that of Taotai to Commissioner of Police and Industrial Works: there has been submitted also to the Throne a proposal to remodel the judicial system by the creation of new Law Courts; but we do not see that a new code of law has been decided on or that the indescribable prison system is to be purified. Still less do we see any indication of reform in the corrupt system of administration which is really responsible for the slights that China resents. It would take long to schedule the various reforms which need, as Dr. Morrison hints, to be carried out before she can expect to be treated by other Powers on a footing of equality. In the matter of currency, for instance, the coinage, instead of being unified, has become more divergent. True, the Board of Finance has taken up the question afresh and definitely suggested the creation of a gold standard; but the great Yangtze Viceroy has memorialised adversely, on the ground that the time is too unsettled for such changes; and the obvious failure of the Board to realise the difficulties of the problem fully justifies the wisdom of their advice. It was, indeed, we have always held, a mistake ever to suggest the creation of a gold standard with all its complexities to a people accustomed to discharge important obligations in pure silver by weight, and to copper coins less in value than a quarter-farthing for the ordinary purposes of daily life. It would be sufficient, as a commencement, that the provincial mints be required to turn out silver coins identical in fineness and weight and rated officially at a definite value to the Haekwan tael in which duties are paid. If the Imperial Government cannot enforce even that simple reform, it is ludicrous to talk of maintaining silver at a fixed ratio to gold.

The re-settlement of Manchuria goes, in the meantime, steadily on. A Chinese Customs Office has been installed at Dalny, and the railway rates from that port and Newchwang to the north are to be equalised, thereby relieving the latter from a handicap which threatened to operate seriously to its disadvantage. Arrangements are being or have been made for establishing Customs Houses, similarly, on the Russian and Korean frontiers; a number of cities in Manchuria are being opened to foreign trade: and there are rumours of a purpose to open the Sungari to navigation. The SATURDAY REVIEW expressed at the time (16 September, 1905) a hope that provision for opening the great Manchurian rivers—the Amur and the Ussuri as well as the Sungari—would be found within the scope of the "general measures for the development of the commerce and industry of Manchuria" which the Treaty of Portsmouth foreshadowed. Possibly the project of opening the Sungari may have given rise to the rumour of a secret undertaking by Russia to hand over the valley of that great river to Japanese control; but the mere existence of the rumour indicates the presence of a latent feeling that Russian and Japanese

influence remains prepotent, notwithstanding the formal re-transfer to China of territorial possession. There is notoriously little gratitude in nations: consciousness of holding Manchuria as a gift from Japan, after defeat in one war and disregard of the "sovereign rights" China is so fond of pleading in another, are more likely to engender irritation than affection. And therein may perhaps be found one explanation of an attitude which we hear, not for the first time, is causing annoyance at Tokio. The mandarin memory is traditionally short. More than twice or thrice it has seemed to Western nations that a perception of her true position must have been driven home; but the national vanity rises superior to experience, and we may be quite certain that at the back of the Chinese head Western men remain "barbarians" and Eastern men "dwarfs", notwithstanding all evidence of achievement and superior attainment. What the immediate future holds for China it would be hard to predict. Rumours as to the failing health of the Empress-Dowager can hardly be altogether baseless; and her removal or withdrawal from the scene could scarcely be accomplished without shock. There are evidences, too, of unrest in the provinces which is causing a certain anxiety at Peking. The deliberate murder of the Manchu Governor of Anhwei by an official of Taotai rank (said to be a returned student from Japan) may or may not have been an expression of the anti-Manchu feeling which is said to be recrudescing; but such an incident cannot, in China, be lightly regarded. The existence of the anti-Manchu feeling is at any rate recognised, and the Court is endeavouring to combat it by obliterating traditional distinctions and privileges and promoting an amalgamation of the two races.

No internal discomforts, however, prevent the opposition of a firm face to foreign pretensions. The Wai-wu-pu has, we are told, followed up its protest against the presumption of Japan and France by informing Japan and Russia that neither does it recognise any agreement on their part regarding Mongolia, over which neither has any control. The Chinese Minister at Tokio has in the meantime resigned, partly, it is said, on account of the trouble given by the Chinese students who flocked to Japan in search of the new learning, but have not confined their energies altogether to its acquisition. Perhaps the trouble the returned students have given may be partly accountable for the lack of cordiality at Peking of which Japan is said to complain.

#### TRADE UNIONISM AND SOCIALISM.

TRADE UNIONISM and socialism are at present in uneasy relations towards each other, and we should expect some indications of the strain to appear at the Trade Union Congress now being held at Bath. Before the Congress is over we may hear more of it, but the President's address dwelling on the victories of trade unionism in the past, and his anticipations of its powers and possibilities in the future, looks like an answer to the taunts that have been levelled against it recently by those who would rush it into the avowed socialist programme. Another indication has been the indignation expressed in the discussion on the relations of the Labour party with the trade union group in Parliament and the opposition to trade union candidates in several elections. Trade unionists resent this and they find no consolation for the defeat of their candidates in the fact that the theories of socialism have received a wide advertisement in these elections. The Congress as a whole represents this feeling, and an incident occurred which showed it. One avowed socialist amongst the delegates was as impatient with the smug respectability and Liberalism of Labour members as are Mr. Shaw and the "Clarion". This delegate has not such mastery of sarcasm and irony as his distinguished "comrades". He tends to roughness, and he denounced the Parliamentary Committee of the Congress as a "procurer for the Liberal party", and exhorted his fellow-delegates to go in with their socialistic comrades and leave the vultures and jackals of the Liberal party. This shocked his audience; and he was severely repressed. The Congress rejected his

amendment and voted for renewed efforts being made, as proposed by the Parliamentary Committee, to establish a concordat in respect of election contests and action generally between the trade unionist and the socialist sections in Parliament. The hitch is caused by the resistance of the Labour party to the working arrangement proposed by the Parliamentary Committee; and it appears that the trade unionists are far more anxious for the settlement than the Labour party.

There is some advantage probably for Liberal or Conservative candidates, as it may happen, in this dispute being kept open. A Liberal or Conservative, anti-trade-unionist and socialist, may be let in here and there by a socialist running against a trade-union candidate. This does not count for much, however, practically; but it is pleasant to see both wings of the hostile army putting each other hors de combat. And yet the differences that lead to this contest are not so distinctive as each of these wings wants to make out. They are of the same kind as those between the Social Democratic Federation and the Independent Labour party at the Stuttgart Conference. Every organisation is first and foremost bent on maintaining its own existence and exaggerating its own importance. It is so with the Independent Labour party and with the Trade Union Congress. The former is the frog of the fable inflating himself; the latter is the ox who, instead of seeing the humour of it, gets frightfully angry and jealous. The trade unionists are really more socialist than they admit; or than the Socialist party will allow. But difference in naming amounts to a good deal in most cases, and it does so in this. Trade unionism now has lived through the phase which socialism has not yet passed through. It can now embrace the same objects as socialism without arousing the same antipathy and fears. Thus the Trade Union Congress as an organisation is in a better position than any socialist organisation specifically so called, and it ought easily to have the whip hand of the Independent Labour party in the quarrel between them. In the Congress itself, though there are individuals backing up the avowed socialist programme, the corporate Congress still doggedly clings to its trade-union nomenclature. But if its programme set forth by the Parliamentary Committee and adopted by the President in his address is not socialistic, what is it?

There is no enunciation of the general principle of socialism—the State ownership of all the means of production; but the nationalisation of the land speaks for itself, and needs no formal expression of a theory to explain it. Old-age pensions, universal and non-contributory, State insurance, an eight hours' day and reduction of hours in all trades, the provision of work for the unemployed by the State: all these would figure in the programme of every avowed socialist who does not content himself with declaiming mere theories and imagining a millennium accomplished by some impossible sleight of hand. The real basis of all these propositions is not trade unionism, but socialism: a theory not announced but implied. Trade unionism is the combination of men to obtain by their own efforts from their employers the wages and conditions of labour to which they believe they are entitled. Originally it only asked from the State the right of combination, and trusted in its own powers to get what it wanted. It has now quite changed from this position and altered its method. It steps outside the narrow circle of trade unionism and declares its intention of using the State power for wider purposes. This is socialism whether put forward by trade unionism or the Social Democratic Federation or the Independent Labour party; and all the quarrels between them do not amount to anything considerable. There is no need to discuss the Parliamentary Committee's and the President's proposals in detail. All the discussions in the Congress will throw no more light on them than has been already thrown in Parliament and by discussion in the press; and this is actually only darkness visible. What the Trade Union Congress makes clear is that it accepts the socialist position and methods: and this is an important fact, for trade unionists are the best organised and most earnest classes in the State. Their influence will tell for more than that of the openly avowed socialists.

## THE CITY.

THE monetary position no longer gives cause for anxiety. The Secretary of the United States Treasury has removed fears of an immediate gold export to the United States, and no other country threatens to make an unusual inroad upon the store of the Bank of England. Egypt may shortly commence to draw sovereigns away from here, but this is a movement that recurs every year, and need not therefore arouse apprehension. Last year, between September and the early months of the new year, about nine millions sterling was shipped to Egypt. This year the amount required should be much smaller as there has been a big accumulation of gold in the country owing to the crisis arising out of the land "boom". Assuming, however, that the drain proceeds on the same lines as a year ago the Bank of England will be in a stronger position to meet it. Last September commenced a drain to the United States, about three and a half millions sterling being taken out of the Bank for export during that month alone. There can be no repetition of these shipments in the present month, so that should Egyptian demands arise immediately the Bank will be well fortified for the attack on its reserve. On 11 October last year the Bank rate was raised to 5 per cent., and in the following week, on Friday, 19 October, to 6 per cent. The existing Bank rate is  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and from now onwards for some weeks the weekly return should make favourable comparison with a year ago. Only the unexpected can disturb calculations, and the market is not disposed to look for surprises. Hence the more confident tone in Lombard Street—which seems justified.

The Stock Exchange as a body is still complaining of the absence of business, and the prevailing quietude has given an opportunity to certain members to obtain wide publicity for schemes of reform. It is noticed with jealous eyes that numbers of "outside" brokers are attracting public support, and the would-be reformers of the "House" desire permission to advertise in order that they may come into competition. We cannot think that it would add to their dignity, nor are we agreed that it is the wish of the majority of members of the "House" that they should be forced into adopting the methods of the ordinary trader. We say forced, because, if the Committee were to withdraw their embargo upon advertising, all would have to adopt it or face the risk of being frozen out by the specious methods of fellow-members. Nor is it possible for the Stock Exchange Committee to agree to the proposals of the reformers for publishing a daily financial paper. Such a paper might be made very useful but it would necessarily be restricted to recording facts, and facts without criticism are not always appreciated. We can understand that the financial press is looked upon with suspicion by many members of the Stock Exchange, but it is largely from their own body that the subsidies are drawn, and so long as dealers have worthless shares to dispose of so long will they pay to support financial journals.

While business is undoubtedly quiet in the strict sense of the word there is yet more doing than has been the case recently. Speculation shows no signs of revival, but investment is proceeding on a small scale and prices have an upward tendency. Every upward movement brings bankrupt stock to market, but buyers are numerous enough to take the parcels offered and so there is no serious set-back in quotations. Consols are the most disappointing market, the attractions of other securities proving too strong for the investor on the look-out for bargains. Home Railways appear as if they had gravelled, but the price of coal frightens many would-be buyers, it being overlooked that the companies make contracts for the supply of fuel many months ahead, and that they will only be seriously affected if present prices are maintained over the end of the year. By then it may be found that there is something artificial in the present condition of the coal market. American Railway securities keep remarkably steady, and the absence of any violent fluctuations is beneficial for markets generally. It is difficult however to believe that New

York will bear with patience many repetitions of the Erie dividend fiasco. After all the payment in scrip is only another form of borrowing money, for the paper is interest-bearing and its creation adds to the obligations of the company. Stockholders must be easily pleased if they are content to accept this scrip in lieu of cash: before long there promises to be a plethora of it. The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada seems to be qualifying as a rival of the United States companies. No reliance can be placed upon traffic figures as an indication of dividends, and the directors appear to have no regard for the claims of the junior stockholders.

#### INSURANCE AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

SEVERAL excellent assurance companies give life policies to total abstainers on more favourable terms than to people who are not abstainers. One of the best of these offices is the United Kingdom Temperance Institution, which for participating policies charges the same premium in both the Temperance and the General sections but gives larger bonuses to total abstainers.

A comparison of the results that can be obtained under whole-life policies effected at age thirty for a premium of £10 a year shows that a policy which originally assures £409 in each case, increases at the end of ten years to £498 and £483 in the Temperance and General sections respectively; at the end of twenty years the corresponding figures are £611 and £566; at the end of thirty years they are £734 and £649, and at the end of forty years £822 and £696. These figures are sufficient to show that from a life assurance point of view total abstinence has considerable advantages; thus a man who has paid £400 in the course of forty years has a policy for £126 more if he is a total abstainer than if he were assured in the General section.

There are various Life offices which give better terms to total abstainers than to others. The conditions in regard to membership of the Temperance section vary in different companies. Thus in the United Kingdom Temperance Institution the condition of membership is that the assured must be a total abstainer, and must annually sign a declaration to the effect that he has so abstained and intends to continue to abstain. Failing such continued abstinence the assurance can be transferred from the Temperance section to the General section.

The practice of some other companies is to charge a lower premium to abstainers while giving the same rate of bonuses; but whatever the particular conditions may be, abstainers obtain their policies upon more favourable terms. There are certain statistics as to mortality which seem to justify this favourable treatment. The Sceptre Life Association regularly records the rate of mortality in its General and Temperance sections. The figures show that in the General section the actual deaths were eighty out of a hundred expected, according to the healthy males mortality table; while in the Temperance section the deaths were only fifty-four out of a hundred expected.

It is an interesting question as to how far the more favourable conditions given to abstainers are justified by the facts. We have to recognise that the promoters and managers of assurance companies making a special feature of policies for abstainers have a bias in favour of this class of people, and may unconsciously give them unduly good terms. It may also be that for admission to the most-favoured class the medical examination may be somewhat stricter than for admission to the General section. The important point however is whether or not the more favourable mortality which records show characterise Temperance sections is due to total abstinence from intoxicants, or whether there may not be other causes which conduce to both teetotalism and favourable mortality.

When we look at the records of some of the first-class assurance offices which make no feature of total abstinence, we find that their mortality experience is as good as that of the Temperance sections of some

other companies. Careful medical examination and the limitation of business to a selected class of lives is shown to be as favourable from a life insurance point of view as total abstinence.

As far as any evidence that we know of is concerned, we see no proof that teetotalism is the cause of long life. There can be little doubt that a large number of excellent people who live very steady regular lives tend to become teetotalers. It is largely in accord with their conditions, habits of life and mode of thought. There is also no doubt that steady habits of life are of extreme value from a life assurance point of view, and we are disposed to think that the good terms in life assurance which can be obtained by teetotalers are much more due to steady habits than to the teetotalism itself. The regular habits make people good lives from an assurance standpoint, and at the same time make them teetotalers. Thus, instead of total abstinence causing the longevity, the habit of life causes both the longevity and the teetotalism. We do not know that it is a matter of much practical importance, since the fact is undeniable that in certain companies a man can obtain life assurance on better terms if he is a teetotaler, but there are other offices from which people who are temperate but are not total abstainers can obtain equally good terms.

#### THE HAPPY CAVALRY-MAN.

SOME few months ago I had the great pleasure to read General von Bernhardt's admirable work on "Cavalry", also General von Pelet Narbonne's "Tactical Studies". At the time I ventured to describe Bernhardt's book as "the last word on cavalry".\* It is therefore inspiring to see how thoroughly imbued with the views of that excellent cavalry officer are these "Cavalry Studies"† of Major-General Haig. English readers of this book will naturally be somewhat perplexed and surprised at its contents when they remember that only a few short years since Lord Roberts abolished Lancers and told our horse-soldiers that in future "the principal weapon of the cavalryman would be the rifle", and that "charging was a thing of the past". All true cavalry-men were aghast, as also were those few infantry-men whose education extended to a general knowledge of the functions and uses of cavalry in war. But Lord Roberts was then Commander-in-Chief, and as such was not to be gainsaid. Every keen and capable cavalry officer well knew that Lord Roberts was talking sheer nonsense, but all he could do was to bow meekly and dissemble, with a silent prayer that some day a "cavalry renaissance" might come about. Among these was Douglas Haig. The old Hindu adage "It will pass", doubtless well known to the author of "Forty-one Years in India", well describes the wonderful change that has come about since Lord Roberts and his peculiar "cavalry" school have retired into the background. For here we have a high War Office official, our Director-General of Military Training, putting his seal to the resolute offensive for cavalry, based on the sword (or lance) and the charge!

It is rare for us to put the right man in the right place in our army, but in the case in point we have bungled into it somehow, and all who know General Haig will admit that, unlike so many soldiers who attain to high rank, there is no trace of humbug in his utterances, and hence they are doubly worthy of consideration.

It is impossible to do more than briefly allude to the convincing arguments General Haig produces for the full development and proper employment of the cavalry arm. The book breathes the right spirit throughout, and aims at the highest efficiency, coupled with an earnest desire to get in at the enemy.

Lord Kitchener has done much to improve the organisation of our cavalry in India, but there are many things yet to be done, and chief among these is to organise

\* "Cavalry Jottings," SATURDAY REVIEW, 16 February, 1907 *et seq.*

† "Cavalry Studies, Strategic and Tactical." By Major-General Douglas Haig C.V.O., C.B., late Inspector-General of Cavalry in India. With numerous Maps and Sketches. London: Hugh Rees. 1907. 7s. 6d.

our cavalry there into divisions, not merely into brigades. It is no exaggeration to say that this is a vital principle and one worth fighting for. The advocates of dismounted action, the "getting off and shooting" as opposed to the resolute offensive, have endeavoured to quote the experiences of the Civil War in America as a vindication of their theory. General Haig admits that there was much "fighting on foot", but contends that victory lay with the command which was "most skilfully handled" as a *mounted* force, dismounting only to accomplish a temporary object". This is a most important point.

To summarise this admirable book: the right cavalry spirit, as I have already said, runs through the whole of it, and it further marks an epoch in the history of our cavalry; for, written as it is by the present Director of Military Training, we have a right to regard it as a manifesto and also as a counterblast to all the past heresies of the so-called General Staff, to all the Buller "infantry preferred" theories, to all the mounted infantry rubbish and the De Bloc imaginations. For here we have a man who has really studied cavalry, who has taken the best from cavalry books and grafted it on to our own experiences and organisation.

It is instructive to compare General Haig's views on cavalry side by side with those of the ignorant and prejudiced man who has read cavalry books with a mind already choked with conclusive arguments against the proper employment of that arm, and who is only looking for support for those arguments. It is unfortunately true that not a few of our cavalry officers either start with, or acquire, a distrust of their power to charge and overcome an enemy, and these are the men whom we should never trust to lead our cavalry in war. For if they think they may not charge successfully, they never will even attempt it. Such men will never summon sufficient determination to risk the unknown, not necessarily for the sake of their "own dirty skin", but for that of their hundred men and one hundred well-beloved horses. To attempt to charge must be the highest ideal for the cavalry officer, somewhat as the early Christians looked forward with intense joy to martyrdom, or as the Dervishes to being killed and joining the Houris. The British cavalry officer must be prepared to sacrifice, in the literal sense, his squadron at the shrine of S. George, the patron saint of the horseman.

It is remarkable that throughout the book General Haig does not slavishly accept every German pedantic idea, but follows the great master of war, Napoleon, and advises others to do so. All the same, he is anxious to inculcate precise ideas and systematic work, and to insist on the thorough preparation and training of both officers and men. Further, he raises his voice against "grumbling" or "grousing" on a campaign, and if on a campaign, then surely at all times, and especially in all our preparations for war in peace time. It is high time, also, to strike a blow against the too materialistic ideas of the age, which spoil both our officers and our men. The man who says "What's the use of anything? Why, nothing" is no use in war, for it is impossible to inspire or stimulate the brute.

After reading this book I am more than ever convinced that we must rid ourselves entirely of the "Pepperbox" scheme, a dense and continuous screen of cavalry, which was so prevalent after 1870 and was one of the many utterly false deductions from that war, and, instead of this, grasp the idea of an independent cavalry division or corps loosed from leading-strings and given a free hand to carry out a definite object, the seeking out and pulverising of the enemy's cavalry force and consequent freedom of our own cavalry for exploration.

The man imbued with the true cavalry spirit—the happy cavalry-man of our day, so far from being perturbed by the added dangers in war due to smokeless powder, longer ranges and increased intensity of fire, will only exult in the difficulties of his trade, and see in counteracting them unbounded possibilities for earning distinction and for demonstrating the increased value of his arm. For although infantry may be, and doubtless is, the main deciding factor in winning battles on terrain such as at Pieters Hill—not omitting the invaluable co-operation of the artillery—the happy cavalry-man

knows well that upon him and him alone rests the responsibility of so using the great potential powers he exercises as to make it possible for his chief to carry out the schemes he has evolved and to reap the fruits of victory and success. For whereas in the military hierarchy, save on rare occasions, the infantry officer is but a pawn in the game, the true horseman whose heart is in his work and who has striven to fit himself for his position, no matter how humble, may have opportunities of taking action in emergencies which may decide the fate of a campaign.

Think what an opportunity a young cavalry officer of the right type has, not only of training but of influencing his men, which are denied or at any rate sadly circumscribed in infantry life. For he can not only teach them their trade, but, by example, he can, whilst doing so, give them hourly object-lessons in the advantage of being a good and fearless horseman, an accomplished swordsman, a quick and good shot, a thorough horse-master as well as an efficient and quick scout. Surely if the gallant foot-soldier is a pawn in the game, the happy cavalry-man is a true knight!

General Haig points out how "moral" is the basis of success in war. Now, generally speaking, our "moral" is bad. From the cynical private soldier drawn from a slum in a town to the son of the plutocrat, who probably came to England originally to escape service in a continental army and has waxed fat on army contracts, we have a lot of bad stuff in our army, which reacts upon and sadly saps the right stuff—namely, the private soldier, the son of the ploughman, up to the officer, the son of the old county squire. We are also trusting too much to examinations for the purpose of picking over our candidates for commissions. Can the examiners look into the candidates' hearts? Can they tell if they are hardy, useful, pertinacious, dashing devils—real men, tested in hard games of football or in the ring (boxing), or on a bad horse over a severe hunting country? Or are they cockneys, with a motor-car bringing-up, thinking more of their stomachs and the cut of their clothes than of horses and sport—soft, useless duffers, with no vitals and no chest? Possibly they are good sons, not clever, but nice docile, indoor-keeping ladies' boys—lads who have never killed a rat, an otter, or a fox, and would not know even how to begin to kill a fine hairy Boer or an Afghan. Of such are not the founders of Empire; but we get lots of them in our army, and then when their brother-subalterns rise in their just wrath and pulverise them "for instruction", the "Daily Mail" is surprised, and Lady Roberts says to her husband "I will not stay in the army with Colonel Kinloch".

Let us by all means fight against this infernal, soft, nonconformist, peace-loving, emasculated, modern school of thought.

GREY SCOUT.

#### A NIGERIAN DAY.

"T'ALA Salla. . . Sallatu ghairi mina naumi."  
(Come to pray. . . Prayer is better than sleep.) Dimly through the mists of sleep the cry reaches one's drowsy brain. The dawn is chill and dark, but a grey streak in the east has started the first moslem call to prayer, and one tosses drowsily on the creaking camp bed in the close mud hut of the official quarters of the Government with an initial shudder of distaste because the waking hour is near. It has a charm peculiarly its own, this daily imploring, admonitory cry—at once a testimony, an appeal, and a threat. Heard at a distance it charges one with mingled sentiments; close at hand one asks how much of it is perfunctory and a matter of habit with all significance forgotten.

However, dawn brightens, the sun gathers power. Speculation must give place to activity, for the working day begins with its very many duties, judicial, political, social; the tactful winding and unwinding of red tape in an environment singularly unsympathetic to rigidity in any shape. Hurriedly dressing, you are ready to hear reports. The police corporal and the political agent enter in turn. One tells you of some

hideous night crime to be dealt with later. The other comes to discover your own mental condition. His official business is that of go-between the native Government and the King's, and he poses accordingly with ready adaptability according to his mistaken reading of the white character. His own idea of his functions is to satisfy what he believes to be the aspiration for the moment of his employer. Do you scent an intrigue? Hey, presto! an intrigue is manufactured at once.

It is the hour to hear complaints, redress grievances, punish crime. Perhaps no hour of the day teaches one more about the underlying forces of the country than this. The oppressed with a real grievance; the malingerer who wants to take advantage of the slavery law and be free to idle; women full of intimate domestic perplexities, both shocking and amusing; here a quick-brained rogue, there a fat-witted mallam; here a fawning sycophant of the King's household, there the indignant merchant he has robbed. The latter, confident in our rigid sense of justice, but forgetful that the wicked old customs do not obtain now, brings a gift for you—for if you wish for justice "your hand must not be dry", says the wise man. He shrugs his shoulders at your refusal and thinks you must be mad. With smiling patience must you listen to all, despite your irritated malarial brain. Refuse this suppliant with a smile and quote some apt proverb—the language teems with proverbs—and he goes away quite content. Dismiss that wailing lady with some adroit reference to a Koranic injunction and a little paternal talk. Sternly punish this fawning rascal and that wily thief. But listen to all: that is the secret of one's power. In the corner sits the old Alkali, the judge of the native court, viewing without emotion the strange equity which matters are dealt with, but also made happy himself by some tactful reference to him on a point of Koranic domestic law.

Court adjourned, a messenger comes from the King. His majesty wishes to pay a visit of ceremony. You assent. With much dignity, and followed by his chief head-men, the monarch approaches, removing his slippers and his sword with oriental punctilio. The elaborate salutation ended, we converse. Words of protest from the King, words of admonition from yourself, all received with typically impassive acquiescence in the fait accompli. We talk in the language of the Old Testament. When we are glad we say we "lift up our heads". When we are sorry we say "our heart is afflicted". "Yes" and "no" are conveyed in long hyperbolic sentences such as "Dost thou look for a fish on the top of a mountain?" The curt directness of British speech cannot be translated into their vernacular. It is all most interesting, most amusing, but terribly tedious. Face to face with Western ideas the East falters always. You try to get into touch with them; to see in sympathy—but in vain. If one could only break through that irritating quiescence, could lift the veil of that dumb apathy and see what volcano seethes behind it! But one falls back on oneself defeated. And so it always is when the sympathetic occidental tries to come closer to the oriental mind.

When the white man's sinister foe in Africa—glorious Apollo—begins to lose his fierceness the hour of exercise has come. A ride through the market is perhaps judicious. Here is the most motley gathering that imagination can conceive. The dignified Fulani with his air of high breeding; the shrewd and swaggering Hausa; the active jovial pagan; the women of every class and tribe, busy selling food of all sorts. Moslem and pagan, chief and slave, trader and broker, leprous beggar and canny thief jostle each other amid the noisy chatter. Here in one corner a group of traders from Chad, from Kano and the distant Sahara, sit conversing under their breath the "secret word", perhaps of treason; perhaps of the new Mahdi who will proclaim a Holy War against the unbeliever whom they salute as he rides by; perhaps of the marvels wrought by one of those many underground sects which flutter from time to time the moslem world. Who knows? The market is the great centre of news and gossip, and men from the most distant corners of the Soudan meet their brethren from the Gold Coast and the South. Great travellers and shrewd traders are

they all, as diverse in character as the goods for sale in the market itself. Here is everything—English cloth, native cloth, home-grown cotton, antimony for the eyes and complexion, salt and potash, paper from far-off Tripoli, skins of morocco leather, water-pots of all shapes and sizes, baskets and mats, &c. In one corner sits a barber busily shaving the heads and faces of his clients; in another a holy Mallam writing charms for the ignorant—a few words from the Koran for which a high price is willingly paid. You may have them wrapped in leather to carry about as a permanent fetish, or you may have a potion written on a board. Wash off the ink from the latter and drink the decoction and lo, the cure is complete. Or you may have a love potion made from pounded bats'-wings. It is guaranteed infallible and eagerly sought for, in spite of the warning given by a cynical rival opposite, who exhorts purchasers to "leave off eating bats: the only medicine with a woman is money". So much shrewdness, so much credulity side by side!

Over the town with awful suddenness and much elemental force and noise a tornado bursts. In England Mother Nature is gracious and sympathetic. In Africa she is fierce and unapproachable, hard and ironic, and always in extremes. You gallop back through torrents of rain to find your mud hut washed out, and your clothes and belongings floating in pools of wet. A dry suit, a little alcoholic medicine and some quinine, much fruitless cursing, and then one finds a drier spot. The rain clears off, night comes on swiftly, and one seeks again one's restless couch, with just that backward thought—as G. W. Steevens expressed it—to the tiny isle in the North Sea whereon is all that one holds dear; and then to the sleep of physical fatigue. The night is dark and moonless. Away in the town some solitary watcher is warding off evil spirits and strikes his tom-tom dully. The monotonous tap breaks the stillness like a sob from a stricken heart.

#### PICTURE BOOKS.

IN these days of copious and too often careless illustration a great many people prefer to take their text unadorned, neat, so to speak, without sugar. Bad pictures to a text are certainly much worse than none at all: but *abusus non tollit usum*. Though some illustrators are irritatingly bad, though their team has a terrible "tail", there are great names on the list, Hogarth, Turner, Millais, and a multitude of excellent workers, Cruikshank, "Phiz", Leech, MacIse and Cattermole. As for the very superior beings who do not care for books with pictures, they may be neglected. While human nature remains as it is, it will retain a good deal of the baby.

Illustration has been most lavishly scattered on the two branches of literature that need it least—poetry and novels. These, if of any intrinsic worth, will produce a mental impression which no graver will approach. To a mind of any imagination a picture, however well executed, of Shelley's skylark or Wordsworth's daffodils is an offence. Yet these are objects possible to the artist. When, more ambitious, he seeks to "adorn with cuts" "Paradise Lost", as Gustave Doré did, he becomes a blasphemer. The Flaxman outlines to Homer (or Pope) may be an exception; but most men, we think, prefer to be without them. In novels, again, what artist has ever been able to embody, so as to be satisfactory to admirers, the creatures of the storyteller? If it can be done, it must be only where the story is very light comedy, not to say farce. It is rumoured that the masses think of Pickwick and Micawber as they were imaged by Seymour and Browne. There is no accounting for the taste of the masses.

Now and then a writer can draw, and if he illustrate his own books one would hope for a happy result. But does he get it? Rarely, if ever. Thackeray succeeded pretty well in grotesque, but his scratches are too amateurish for the more serious books. He wrote much better than he drew. Against du Maurier no such accusation can hold, and he is probably the most successful author-artist on record. But, alas!—in spite

of Trilby "booms", in spite of the fact that parts of his books have charm—he drew so much better than he wrote.

When another hand is employed to illustrate, the unhappy author is brought face to face with what we can only call the "pure cussedness" of illustrators. They will not draw what is set down for them. As an instance, the frontispiece of "Can You Forgive Her?" represents "The Balcony at Basle" occupied by the heroine and George Vavasor "the wild man". Basle and the balcony are all right. The heroine, for those who can abide "Phiz's" women, is not amiss, but George has a huge pair of mutton-chop whiskers. Now Trollope is not often at much pains to describe his characters' outward appearance, though he generally gives the reader a very good idea of it, but it happens in this case that he has been very particular. George, in a combat as a boy with a burglar, had had one side of his face dreadfully scarred from his left eye to his lower jaw. "People said of him that he was so proud of his wound that he would not grow a hair to cover it. The fact, however, was that no whisker could be made to come sufficiently forward to be of service, and therefore he wore none." And therefore, we suppose, "Phiz" gave him a pair.

"Can You Forgive Her?" is a long book, and probably "Phiz" was too busy to read novels. But what did Trollope say? Better, perhaps, not inquire.

In another instance the excuse of lack of time for reading will not avail the artist. For the duodecimo edition of Mason's "Gray" there is a vignette on the title-page of the pensive Selima angling. The lofty vase, "Where China's gayest art had dyed The azure flowers that blow", is a glass globe with a very narrow aperture at the top, through which the pensive one might possibly have squeezed (cats are wondrous compressible), but through which she could by no means have "tumbled headlong in". If she was a cat of firm resolve, bent on suicide, there might be water in the globe sufficient to drown her, but there is no room to admit of her "eight times emerging from the flood". The globe might hold the cat, or the flood; but not both. It may be said that this vignette was not done to order, but annexed to the purpose. But there are the stucco battlements of Strawberry in the background; it is Selima and no other. Pure cussedness on the part of Mr. T. Uwins who delineavit. He would not read the forty lines of Gray's verse. He would not read even the title, "Lines on a favourite Cat drowned in a tub of Gold Fishes". Said tub was of course a deep china bowl, which the rude forefathers of Horace Walpole had probably used as a wine-cooler.

Poetry and novels can do without pictures at this rate. They are strong enough to stand alone, and the illustrator is aggravating. But most of us own to a liking for portraits. It is a weakness perhaps, but a very common one. It leads sometimes to disappointment. Fortunate possessors of the 1648 Herrick show the effigy of the poet to perfervid admirers of the "Hesperides" with a rather malicious glee. A comfortable hook-nosed gentleman with a curly wig and moustache, looking like a successful company promoter, he is not at all what they expect. Which is foolish: for with poets no more than with birds, a sweet voice implies a splendid appearance. And some portraits are so conspicuously bogus. No sane person can accept the unutterable epicene thing at the National Portrait Gallery as the Vera effigies of the athletic, sunburned, and, ipso teste, snub-nosed Shelley. But, though there be drawbacks, superior persons must allow us our portraits.

Weak vessels have a great fondness for the Frontispiece Allegorical. It gives them that delight of children, "something to discover". Herrick above mentioned is very charming with his mob of Cupids and his rampant Pegasus. Or Howell pictured in a select company, Cæsar, M. Aurelius, Cicero, Seneca and Mercury, with an office interior, a postboy or huntsman, Philosophy huddled over a book and History lying stark naked, holding in her hand what seems to be the last sweet thing in hats, but is probably a Phoenix rising from its ashes. But allegory is clean out of fashion, and, worse luck, very dear.

The books that seem really to need illustration,

excluding as of course works on art, are those that treat of natural history. No amount of writing can set before us as painting does the varieties of bird, beast and fish. Not White himself could teach us to distinguish a White Admiral from a Painted Lady, or a barbel from a carp. We should remain as ignorant as poor Mr. Titley, who, going a-hunting and being told to look out for a little red animal with a big brush, "Tillihoe" a squirrel up a tree. We take "natural history" in the widest sense of the word. There is a delightful Walton (the copy before us is Bagster's second edition, 1835), which has, besides full-page engravings of Piscator and his pupil, the milkmaids, and Coridon—such engravings! such sunlight and candlelight!—pictures of the fish in the text. So that you read "Look you! here is a", and then follows a perfect trout, "will fill six reasonable bellies". Or "I will tell you, according to my promise, how to catch this", and the pike, wonderfully pictured, follows. In the same way the places. "Both together have brought us within the sight of", and a picture of the Thatch'd House. "I will not fail you, God willing, to be at", and Amwell Hill lies before your eyes. Of books so illuminated no praise can be too great. Yet was it no easy task to do justice to the "Compleat Angler".

#### THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

THE ploughman who stops his team by the hedge-side to exchange opinion with the bailiff going by in his trap allows it's middling nice weather, but reckons there's thunder about. It is his customary formula, serving for almost any day in the year; and the bailiff expresses his appreciation of it by the sarcasm "Ah, about Christmas, I s'pect". But for once the formula hits the mark; from the place where he stands either of the prophets could count, if he cared to take the trouble, five distinct systems of storm along the southern sky. From the mountainous pile of vapour which towers above the hill horizon ten miles away, to the last dim summit of the chain, low down in the south-west, whose base may be on the other side of the Channel, the storm-clouds repeat each other's form with the curious imitative energy so often shown in electrical weather. Each has the hood or canopy of thin-driven vapour, elongated eastwards in the winged shape which the weather-wise call "the blacksmith's anvil", above the mountain-mass of solid cloud, still piling and broadening with invisible but ceaseless motion, its base hidden in formless gloom, its sides crossed by black streaks and tarnished by the earth-haze.

It is a day of "local disturbances" as the newspaper meteorologists have it; a day when we can stand in the sun and watch the dragging curtains of the rain veil the next valley, and at the worst can often race the oncoming storm with a fair chance of making shelter. The wind is fresh and a little cool for the season; there is nothing of the oppression which stifles the day when the weather is breaking up after a week of great heat, when the electric conspiracy gathers slowly and inevitably, a vast system shutting in the world with level grey vapour and weighing on it with a brooding silence till the first dull concussion of thunder shakes the dead air. The shaping of the cloud-masses on these days of thunder-squalls and the tactics of their invasion are full of baffling interest for anyone who cares to watch natural phenomena on a large scale.

The ploughman's forecast is soon justified. There comes a dull tremor in the air, which means thunder at the furthest verge of hearing, and not long after the watchful eye marks beneath the ragged edge of dark cloud the distant flash that stands out like a bit of white-hot wire against the smooth grey of the coming rain. After two squalls have gone by, to the north and the south of the valley lying in unvexed sunshine, it becomes a question whether the third is not too much in the eye of the wind to pass us by. For a time it seems as if the slant of its course will take it clear of the hillside, save for some light drift of rain from its outer fringes; but when it has veiled the sun there comes a spreading outreaching movement in the body of the cloud, an unfolding which by its terms of speed and space upsets the calculations of the watchfullest

observer, and with the outflanking sweep of a vast threatening horn brings us far within the circle of the storm. An arch of black cloud, with little rags of vapour wheeling and lowering beneath it, draws overhead with a motion which in itself may quite soberly be called tremendous; and beyond the arch is the grey void of the rain. Then comes the expected flash, no mere reflected blink of light across the air, no sheaf of fine-spun filaments flung from cloud to cloud, but a hard-edged sinuous streak, pinkish-white, shot visibly into the copse a hundred yards lower down the hill; and with it comes the stunning explosion of the overhead thunder, such a catastrophe of noise that we hardly have ears for the riving crackle or the deep boom of the rolling echoes which end the peal.

The power of the portent upon the several sorts of intelligence which it reaches varies strangely. A child playing in the lane sets up a desperate howl and runs blubbering home. The ploughman at the end of his furrow, untackling for dinner-time, unconcernedly eyes the black vault, now filled with the noise of the coming wind, and answers the bolt with the sputter of a match as he lights his pipe. The lad at the horses' heads winces a little at the dazzling flicker, but leads the team along the headland with unaltered slouching pace. The terrier who lies by the coats and baskets under the hedge crouches in anxious misery. The wood-dove that had purled half the morning from the shaw is silent; all the birds are still and in covert, except the swallows wheeling close to the ground, and two or three swifts, like spirits of the storm, sailing high up against the blackest gloom.

The ploughman's equanimity, which defied the lightning, gives way at once before the chance of a wetting. The arch of cloud spans the whole sky, and under it, as through a gate, comes the rush of the rain, blowing in gusty sheets with sudden eddying fury of the wind and beating up in spray from the ground. The horses drop their heads against the squall, with which the blazing flash and earth-shaking peal are mixed in one enveloping tumult. The team, shying at the light, are tugged plunging to the hedge-side, where they stand, tail to the storm, in patient endurance; the man and the lad take shelter under an oak in the familiar way. They have seen in a few years four trees struck within two hundred yards of the place where they stand—the sapling's bark ripped from top to bottom and every leaf seared, the giant bole snapped across like a hazel withe and splintered till it looked like a truss of straw; they have found seven heifers dead in a ring round the root of a scarcely touched tree. But the downpour is the stronger argument, and they stand close under the lee of the trunk, while the rain drips and trickles from bough to bough and little rivers from the open field work their way across the hard ground.

The centre of the storm soon goes by: the time between the wink of the flash and the first abrupt cracks of the thunderclap grows longer and longer, till the peal loses its metallic emphasis and rolls with the sonorous volume which gives a sort of serene majesty to the departing storm. The rain falls to a steady drizzle; but before it clears and lets us out of our shelter into the dripping world it may give time for some reflections on the phenomena of the hour. One may guess, for instance, at the causes governing those several degrees of fear in men and beasts, the differences which make the wild things, though they lie close, show no care for the brightness or the noise of the stroke, while the man-taught dog and horse suffer a restless apprehension or a headlong fright; which struck the child's ignorance with nameless terror, and failed to touch the grown man's stolid unconcern. To adjust the claims of nature and of art in the matter would take us far; but it is not difficult to judge this last position to be the least rational of all. It is but rarely that such unconcern comes from any finer stoicism, to say nothing of the immunities of faith; we seem to have got rid of the sense of awe in face of elemental strife, mainly by negative means. Too soon the natural childish dread puts on the complete defence of the dull eye and the unimaginative temper, helped by mis-remembered half-truths of a hasty science; the courage which defies the lightning is due to the lethargy, not to the discipline, of the mind.

How dull our eyes can be when noting such phenomena as lightning we shall understand if we compare the serpentine curves of the flash which so lately stamped itself on the eye with the toasting-forks and angular zigzags of common-form pictorial representation. If it were our custom to grovel like Caliban in thunderstorms, with our hands over our eyes, we might be excused for our usual ignorance of the shapes of electrical discharges; as it is, we make no use of our insouciance in the way of observation. We still believe generally in two varieties of lightning, the "sheet" or harmless and the "forked" or dangerous kind. Some of us still hide the fire-irons from the prying of the "electric fluid", still talk of thunderbolts and fire-balls, hear thunder in a cloudless sky, and set forth without even an umbrella when a comprehensive storm-system which has been gathering all the day is on the point of opening fire. If such people would watch the next thunderstorm with reasonable attention, from the first hour when the little fleecy clouds on the horizon begin to ridge their backs like angry dogs till the time when the overhead flash blazes through torn vapours and cataract rain, they might find a new standpoint from which to regard Nature's wilder moods, a position somewhere between the blind extremes of mere apathy and anxious fear.

#### GREAT BUSTARDS.—I.

**E**VEN the least imaginative person, though neither sportsman nor naturalist, must take an interest in the Great Bustard—the largest of game birds and one of the finest-feathered of all the fowls of the air. A hundred years ago it was still to be found in small numbers in parts of England, but it gradually died out between 1830 and 1840; since then it has only appeared as a rare visitor. It has also been driven from France by the constant encroachments on the wide open spaces which are so necessary for its existence. In some parts of Germany it is yet found, whilst in South-east Europe, especially in the valley of the Danube, it is abundant. But the nearest point to our islands where it still lives, and is likely to endure for many years to come, is in Southern Spain.

Numerous writers have described how this bird inhabits the great corn-growing districts of the Peninsula and what a splendid sight they make. Much as the Great Bustard is to be admired amid the young corn of early spring, to me—and I have lived among them for many years—there is one sort of country and one alone which belongs to them and to which they belong—the grass-grown and flower-strewn vegas or plains of Andalusia. To me the sight of a Great Bustard in a cornfield, however admirable, is a picture as unsatisfying as a red deer in a park, for in each case bird and beast lacks the natural surroundings and the complete separation from man and his works, without which its wild beauty cannot tell truly.

Many of these grass-grown plains of Southern Spain are liable to floods, and in some places during the autumn and winter to total submergence for months at a time. It is at such periods that the Great Bustards desert the level country for the undulating hills around, where they are practically undisturbed and but rarely seen, since few people traverse these districts during the winter months. English sportsmen in quest of wildfowl or snipe have often asked me where the Great Bustards go to during the winter, since they are so seldom to be met with. My own explanation is that owing to the vast extent of ground which is suitable to their habits, and also owing to the difficulty of exploring the same during the period of the year when the torrential rains occur, the bustards simply avoid observation.

The Spaniards declare that when the Great Bustards thus disappear from their usual haunts they go "to the moors". This, by the way, is the stock explanation of all that occurs or has occurred in Spain which it is difficult to account for otherwise. Some writers have asserted that the Great Bustard is unknown in Morocco, but this is incorrect, although my own wanderings do not extend more than eighty miles south of

Tangier. I have come across small parties in the level country south of the Kus river, between El Kasr-el-Kebir and the Atlantic. Mr. Meade-Waldo, who has vastly greater experience than have I of Morocco, reports seeing a good many bustards in the spring months, including one band of twenty-three. But it seems certain that at no time are the numbers in Morocco in any degree approaching those which are met with in Andalusia.

Bustards seem to group themselves into small colonies that systematically attach themselves to certain definite districts, which as a rule they do not leave for any considerable period. When in the natural course of seeking their food they fly to outlying places, sooner or later they return to their own piece of country. At times these "bandas" join up and one is afforded the splendid sight of seeing several score of these magnificent birds together. This combined flock on 30 March, 1876, numbered sixty-seven birds, and of recent years I have on several occasions seen it at about the same strength and more than once at seventy-four.

On the roof of my dwelling in Spain I have established a look-out whither I often betake myself with telescope and field glass. About 1,200 yards from this spot is a slight rise in the ground which is usually covered with rich young grasses a few weeks before the lower portions of the plain afford much feeding. In extent it is only some four or five acres, but of a fine spring morning it is usual to see it tenanted by several Great Bustards; sometimes by both the local "bandas" of seventeen and thirteen which unite there and, when disturbed, separate and work their way back each to its own particular district.

To see the Great Bustard in all his glory he should be sought in the months of April and May, when the vivid green of the vega is almost blotted out by the masses of spring flowers. Nothing is more striking to the eye than the lavish manner with which Nature applies her colour in such districts. At one time one traverses acres of golden marigold, perhaps half a mile to the right the land is pink with a beautiful large madder, or crimson with trefoil, whilst to the left, may be, it is as white as snow with waving camomile. As one leaves the grass-lands and traverses the lower spurs of the fallows, the hillsides are coated with bright yellow mustard or white daisies, whilst beneath one's horse's feet the whole surface is closely carpeted with the brilliant convolvulus with deep-blue edges and white and yellow centres. At a little distance these convolvulus make the hillsides appear light cobalt blue. At places there are great masses of thistles with gorgeous heads, whilst all around the silver-grey skeletons of last year's growth, calcined by the torrid sun of the summer, stand up in stiff sparse clusters. These thistles, whilst affording cover from view for the bustards when taking their siesta at mid-day, at times also lead to their undoing, since a few judiciously placed often serve to conceal the position of the gunner lying prone during the course of a "bustard drive". For those wary birds, which nothing can induce to fly over any sort of "hide" or "blind", will cross recklessly over scattered clumps of thistles on the open plains.

On the wing the Great Bustard often appears to the eye to be almost white, a fact which causes surprise to those who see it for the first time and whose knowledge of its colour is got from stuffed specimens with closed wings. For despite the tints of its lavender neck and the marvellous variegated colouring of both back and wing-coverts, in which almost every conceivable shade of rich siennas, browns and russet reds barred with black is presented when the great bird is on the wing, an entirely different impression is produced. For then white is the prevailing colour, both breast and underparts are a pure white whilst the vast expanse of wings over eight feet across and broad in proportion, as becomes a game bird, is largely marked with white above and is entirely white below. In fact Great Bustards at a distance, when on the wing, are to the eye as white as a sea-gull.

Many writers have thrown a doubt upon their polygamous habits, but to my mind nothing seems more manifest than that they never pair in the true sense of the word. Every banda I have seen consists of a few

old males, with a proportion of from double to treble the number of females and no doubt young males. When the eggs are first laid in the standing corn I have occasionally flushed an old male in company with the females, but as soon as the hens have settled down to incubate they seem to be entirely abandoned by the males, which collect in flocks and keep away from them altogether.

WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

#### RE-ENTER MR. JONES.

THE hypocrisy of the English nation is a favourite topic among foreigners. Among Englishmen it is rather an axiom than a topic. They take it for granted, as one of the necessary defects of their qualities, and are rather proud of the good humour with which, shrugging their shoulders, they plead guilty to it. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is exceptional in that he has never got used to the national failing. It haunts and appals and infuriates him yet. Many things swim in and out of the ken of this student of life; but one thing, English hypocrisy, is for ever fixed there in the centre of the foreground. In nearly all the plays he has written—in his comedies as well as in his serious dramas—English hypocrisy has been the objective of his wrath. In some of his comedies, certainly, the wrath has been toned down to seem like mere amusement. But after that strain it has always burst forth with double force. Mr. Jones could hardly be so persistent if he were not upheld by a belief that the evil is remediable. And it may be that, some day, shamed beyond endurance, we shall all rush out into the public square and make a bonfire of our pet pretences. Meanwhile, H. A. Savonarola's latest sermon is entitled, with special directness, "The Hypocrites", and is to be heard at the Hicks Theatre, where, I regret to say, the congregation seems rather delighted than abashed and abased.

Mr. Jones' work is always notable for its vitality; and "The Hypocrites", from the moment when the curtain rises, is as pungently and arrestingly alive as any play that he has written. The characters in it are none of them new as types: generically they are all familiar; but specifically they are vivid and interesting strangers, and we are excited by the prospect of seeing what will become of them. The story, again, is not in itself a new one, but (which is most that matters) it is told in a new way, with plenty of ingenious new twists. Always quick in coming to the point, Mr. Jones at the very outset stokes his fire red-hot, and the "hypocrites" are soon sizzling and spluttering on the grill. Mr. Wilmore, lord of Weybury Manor, has been much shocked by the curate's suggestion that a certain farmer should not be compelled to marry a girl of bad reputation who is about to bear a child. Mr. Wilmore can admit only one law in such matters; and the farmer must choose between matrimony and his farm. Thus it is embarrassing for Mr. Wilmore when he learns that a quite respectable girl, Miss Rachel Neve, is about to bear a child to his son Lennard. Mr. Wilmore's estate is heavily mortgaged, and the father of his son's fiancée is in a position to set all that right. The fiancée and her father are not less strict in their views of moral rectitude than is Mr. Wilmore himself. Poor Mr. Wilmore! There is a great deal of lying for him to do. Not George Washington himself was more in favour of the truth; and Mr. Wilmore's lies are doubly painful for the fact that they are so likely to be found out. His one comfort is that he does not lie alone. His wife lies. His son (reluctantly, because he is in love with the girl to whom he is not engaged) lies. And the girl herself (because she does not want to stand in his way) lies. Everybody lies, except the curate. This inconvenient curate, privy to the truth, so loudly and unrelentingly tries to persecute them all into making a clean breast of it, that a general council has to be held in order to allay the suspicions of the fiancée's father. Everybody, for this gentleman's benefit, sticks gallantly to his or her lie. Not one of them (you can imagine how exciting the scene is on the stage) can be tripped up; and it seems as though the curate is destined to look a

fool for the rest of his life. Evidently this is his own impression; for, just when, with bowed head, he is about to go forth into the world, he turns round and volleys a final and more than ever bitter jeremiad. Miss Neve utters a cry, and is about to swoon when Lennard Wilmore, stung with remorse, catches her in his arms and implores her forgiveness. Collapse of the other liars, fury of the fiancée's father, deep sigh of relief and tumultuous cheering from the audience. It is indeed a dramatic moment; but the "thrill" is not so legitimately caused as the similar one in "Mrs. Dane's Defence". It was inevitable that Mrs. Dane should at last break down under cross-examination, and the truth be out. But it is rather a fluke that the curate's parting shot at the Wilmores should cause Miss Neve to swoon; and rather a fluke that Lennard should be unable to take the swoon as all in the day's work which he has been so doggedly achieving. For my part I wish Mr. Jones had withheld the thrill, and had baulked the audience of a happy ending. The preacher in him must have known that the play as a sermon against hypocrisy would be by far the deadlier if the truth were shown vanquished by the forces serried against it. There we should have had an ironic climax that would have made the congregation really uncomfortable. Moreover, the very playwright in Mr. Jones must have perceived that the end of the third act, as it stands, has the disadvantage of not leaving any real material for a fourth act. Practically, the play is over. It is a matter of course that Lennard will now marry Miss Neve. Mr. Jones, to make a fourth act, has to pretend that this conclusion is not foregone. He makes Mrs. Wilmore almost persuade Miss Neve to give Lennard up, even now. It was natural enough that Miss Neve, being an unselfish creature, should give the young man up when she thought he was in love with his very lucrative fiancée. But, so soon as she knew that he was really in love with her, and that there was no brilliant alternative to his marrying her, she would inevitably have asserted her natural right to him. She would not have needed any stiffening from the curate. And thus, when the curate bursts again on the scene, and Mrs. Wilmore turns on him in an agony of irritation at his perpetual interference, we are scarcely more tolerant of the good man than is Mrs. Wilmore herself. "Now my work in Weybury is done", he cries as the curtain falls. But his work in Weybury had already been done when the curtain fell on the previous act.

It is owing to this fact, and not to any fault on Mr. Leslie Faber's part, that the curate produces on me in retrospect a sense of extreme repletion. Mr. Faber, indeed, was excellent, skirting the pitfall of priggishness into which most actors would have stumbled headlong. Mr. J. H. Barnes as Mr. Wilmore, and Mr. Alfred Bishop as a vicar, were admirable, though both of them played rather too much "for the laugh". True, both their parts, as written, are tinged with caricature, and must accordingly be played with a measure of exaggeration. But there is no excuse for Mr. Bishop accentuating the comedy of an exit by almost bumping his face against a door, nor for Mr. Barnes toppling into a "tableau" after the attempt to imprint a fatherly kiss on the brow of a young lady who has evaded it. Such effects as these cannot have been foreseen, could not be approved, by the playwright; and no laughs that they may win from dullards can drown the sighs heaved by people of average enlightenment. Mr. Charles V. France, as the fiancée's father, was less redolent of Weybury than of Wall Street, and served as a pleasant reminder of the play's previous success in America. Miss Doris Keane, whose Americanism is of a less salient order, played Miss Neve with very real pathos. She has a peculiar mannerism of voice—a kind of wheezing peevishness—which might be annoying in other people, but in her is both attractive and effective. Mrs. Leslie Faber, as the curate's wife, played naturally and well; and Miss Henrietta Watson, as the wife of a doctor, played an unpleasant part for all it was worth, but with an art that made it pleasant all the while. Miss Viva Birkett, as the fiancée, was so intent on giving a beautiful performance that all naturalness disappeared. She put a world of exquisite meaning into even the most matter-of-fact remarks. When, for example, the fiancée (in order

that, for the playwright's convenience, Lennard might be left alone with the curate) said she would walk home alone—"it's only across two fields, and there's moonlight"—Miss Birkett's face and intonation suggested that she was about to float with angels towards the gates of Paradise. In acting, even beauty should not be allowed to trample on sense. That is a lesson which Miss Birkett will perhaps learn in time. I say "perhaps" because I am conscious that Miss Marion Terry has not yet quite learnt it. Her Mrs. Wilmore is harmoniously beautiful from first to last, but is not, like Mr. Jones' Mrs. Wilmore, a woman fighting grimly, unscrupulously, for an ugly end. MAX BEERBOHM.

#### THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

FROM a democratic point of view the Promenade Concerts are one of our finest institutions. Here, for a shilling, you can have three hours of the best music; you can sit or stand or walk or smoke through it; only the beer is lacking to make it quite German. Nothing else in London is so informal, so readily hospitable, in its wholly serious entertainment; and the audience responds to the welcome. When I was there, on a Wagner night, the streets were drowned in rain; the atmosphere, outside, was hot and wet; inside, in the midst of the crowd and smoke, I seemed to be listening to heavenly music from the depths of a bottomless pit. There was not a breath of air; one stifled, and tried to forget the discomfort; and curiously, on the whole, succeeded. Vernon Lee has told somewhere the story of the marvellous effects of Wagner on a headache: it may be proved any night at the Queen's Hall. One does, after a time, succumb to what is a kind of hypnotism; the sound seems almost to clear the air, or at least to lull one into a kind of dream in which only the sense of hearing exists. And, looking about me, I saw that the audience which had been lured on this night into every inch and corner of the hall was the most heterogeneous audience I had ever seen in London. I saw some specimen of every age and class; aged ladies, sitting bowed over patiently in the few uncomfortable seats of the arena with their backs to the orchestra, profiles of young girls, heads of musicians, half-castes, the anachronism of evening clothes among straw hats and Jaeger jackets, eager and indifferent faces flung together indistinguishably; all the London of motor-cars and penny omnibuses clustered in one heap and for one purpose: to hear good music cheap.

The benefit, when you have subtracted the whole counter account, is immense, and, in London, unique. Look, for example, at the complete programme, from August 17 to October 26. You will find that the Mondays are given to Wagner, the Fridays to Beethoven, and that the other days are divided between "classic" and modern music, chosen with skill among what is excellent and can yet be popular. This careful programme marks the time of day, and may be studied year by year for its critical value. Only a few years ago Tchaikowsky had almost whole nights to himself: now he is merely sprinkled between Saint-Saëns and Sibelius. Sibelius is the new name that occurs oftenest; and the Frenchmen begin to force their way in, Debussy at the head of them, though still limited to his "Après-midi d'un faune". I find a name wholly unknown in England, Maurice Ravel, a kind of modern Couperin, who has set the farmyard daintily to music, in his "Histoires Naturelles" after Jules Renard. Dukas is here, with his "Apprenti Sorcier", which is to be given twice; and Dukas is not yet known in England, though his setting of Maeterlinck's "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue" deserves to be given here, with its lovely music and original staging. Englishmen, not yet famous, find their way into this liberal programme; and I notice the youngest of them, Mr. Cyril Scott.

And, just as Tchaikowsky has receded, so Strauss has almost dropped out. Sixty concerts with only four Strauss numbers would have been impossible last year. Is this in any serious sense an indication of how little hold Strauss has really taken on the English public? I think it is, for the Promenade Concerts could not, and do not, disregard what they take to be the popular demand. Tchaikowsky has had many years of popularity

with us, and it means little that that popularity should begin to slacken. But Strauss came suddenly and would seem to have gone as suddenly. When, the other night, Mr. Wood conducted "Till Eulenspiegel", I was convinced that it was through no personal choice of his that Strauss is to be given so rarely. He conducted it with the gusto of real enjoyment; he entered into the composer's intentions with an admiring sympathy; it was played so effectively that every crackle of the loud German joke could be heard. "Till Eulenspiegel" is Punch and Judy in a German adaptation, on the lines of Stuck or Klinger; and, coming after Wagner, it sounded like the noisy mischievous voice of a school-boy, interrupting the master. It is lamentable that Strauss should always make us think how clever he is, and "Till" is as clever as Mr. Rackham; but no one thinks Conder clever, or Wagner.

And so, in some intuitive way, it may be, the public has come to realise that Strauss is not the universal genius whom our critics followed and outdid the German critics in trumpeting, but a brilliant technician, who can dazzle but not convince. It was the emotion, the fever in the blood, that gave Tschaiakowsky so much of his appeal, and in Strauss there is a fever of the brain, which shivers, does not burn. It was evident, even through the first enthusiasm, that this brilliant and empty music could never take a firm hold on those to whom music was a warm, living thing. So far even the miscellaneous audiences at the Promenade Concerts could exercise a kind of choice in what they really cared to applaud.

In the old days the concerts were divided into two halves, the good music and the bad; and, if you liked, you could go out before the bad came. That has been changed, and it is no doubt for the good of the majority. That majority has now indeed hardly anything but good music to choose from. The fact is surprising and delightful. On the Wagner night there were indeed, almost at the end, two songs, with unpardonable encores, and I could hear, from the outer edge of the entrance-hall where I waited, the thunder of applause that told me I could come back. This irrelevancy is slight, and allows a breathing-space, and is not to be condemned out of kindness for the people who find it a relief after Wagner.

It was for Wagner, there can be little doubt, that most of these people had come. The fascination of Wagner may be set down to many causes, but at least it exists and is for the most part irresistible. It was perhaps the "Tannhäuser" music which was most appreciated in a programme carefully varied; and nothing was so well given by Mr. Wood, who is most at home in wholly romantic music. The "Tristan" is of course inconceivably greater, and the audience was genuine in its response to so certain a magic. But the music out of the "Götterdämmerung", though it was the Rhine-maidens', seemed to have lost some of the watery wonder which had enveloped it when Richter gave it at the Opera; and the "Parsifal" music, though it was the Flower-maidens', seemed to have lost still more by being given anywhere but at Bayreuth. Wagner was no doubt right in wishing it to be heard only as part of a spectacle, for though the music is some of the rarest and subtlest that he wrote, it needs, more than anything else in his work, to be not only heard, but, in a sense, seen.

Twenty years ago, ten years ago even, would the people that I saw at the Queen's Hall on that stormy night in August have come from every suburb of London to hear a concert almost wholly orchestral, and almost wholly made up of Wagner's music? That they do so now may be due in part to directors and managers, who have done much, of a business kind; but it is certainly due in great part to the most vital of English conductors, Mr. Henry Wood. No one else among us has known, as he has, how to catch the public and yet not stoop to the public. He has worked always in the right direction, and his force has in it a kind of animal magnetism. He loves the good things, and is on the watch for new things. His conducting is never cold or listless, he has the knack of making everything seem interesting. Few people have done more for music in London, or brought it nearer to those who love it disinterestedly.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

## BRIDGE.

### THE NO TRUMP CRAZE.

THERE is no doubt that the game of bridge owes a great part of its charm and popularity to the No Trump call. Not only is a No Trump hand much more interesting for the dealer to play than a suit declaration, but also it is likely to be much more profitable, provided that it is a reasonable declaration. This proviso is very necessary at the present time because there are many players who have got the idea firmly fixed in their minds that the one and only high road to success at the bridge table is to declare No Trumps on every possible occasion. They are always looking for it, and they will hardly admit that a hand is a good one unless it is possible to declare No Trumps on it. They frequently make the declaration on the most shadowy pretexts, and they are mightily pleased when it comes off, probably owing to their partner having a better hand than they have themselves.

Certainly the first consideration of every player, when he has to make the declaration, should be whether he is strong enough to declare No Trumps, but the possibilities of a hand do not begin and end with the No Trump call. There are many hands which are quite sound and justifiable No Trumpers, but which are better still as suit declarations. We saw a striking instance of this only last week.

The dealer, one of these No Trump enthusiasts, declared No Trumps without a moment's hesitation, and he really had a very fine hand:

Hearts—Ace, king, 10, 6, 4.  
Diamonds—Ace, queen, 3.  
Clubs—Ace, king, knave.  
Spades—8, 4.

The queen of spades was led and the dummy put down quite a useful hand:

Hearts—Queen, 9, 2.  
Diamonds—King, 9, 7, 6, 4.  
Clubs—10, 9, 6.  
Spades—King, 9.

The original leader had seven spades headed by queen, knave, 10, and the third hand had ace and one other. The result was that the dealer lost the odd trick, instead of winning five by tricks and the game as he would have done if he had declared Hearts, which was undoubtedly the proper declaration.

Of course it was a most unfortunate, and rather extraordinary, placing of the cards, but these things do happen and every player ought to be prepared for them. The dealer tried to defend his declaration, when the hand was over, by saying that his partner was quite as likely to have nothing in hearts as in spades, but even if he had had nothing of value in hearts or in any other suit there would have been no harm done, whereas if he had anything like an average hand the game must have been won with hearts as trumps.

Here is another hand which recently occurred. This time an utterly unjustifiable declaration, which required a hand in the dummy better than itself in order to bring it through with success.

Hearts—Knave, 8, 4.  
Diamonds—Ace, knave, 8, 5, 3.  
Clubs—7, 6.  
Spades—Ace, 10, 3.

Hearts—Queen, 7, 3.  
Diamonds—9, 6, 2.  
Clubs—Ace, queen, 10,  
5, 3.  
Spades—Knave, 4.

Y (dummy)	
A	B
Z	

Hearts—10, 6, 5, 2.  
Diamonds—King, 4.  
Clubs—King, 4.  
Spades—King, 7, 6, 5, 2.

Hearts—Ace, king, 9.  
Diamonds—Queen, 10, 7.  
Clubs—Knave, 9, 8, 2.  
Spades—Queen, 9, 8.

Z dealt and declared No Trumps on what he was pleased to call a hand protected all round, although the protection was, to say the least of it, somewhat thin. The 5 of clubs was led and he lost the odd trick although he found two aces in the dummy. The curious feature in the hand was that he would still have lost the odd trick if the dummy's hand had been changed

for either of the others. The player who declared No Trumps had really the weakest hand of the four.

The above is by no means an overdrawn example of a ridiculous No Trump call. It occurred in actual play, and is quite a fair sample of the sort of hand which some of these No Trump maniacs declare on. We do not say that there are not extreme cases in which it would be justifiable—with a game and twenty-four against the declarer for instance—but the point is that it requires a hand in dummy better than itself in order to win the game or even the odd trick.

A little knowledge is at all times a dangerous thing. The very inexperienced player is rather shy of declaring light No Trumps, especially when he has to play the hand himself; but as soon as he begins to feel his feet, and to rather fancy himself at the game, he is certain to go through this phase of imagining that he is sure to win if only he declares No Trumps often enough. He will find out his mistake and learn discretion sooner or later, and he will be lucky if the acquisition of that knowledge does not prove very expensive. A very fine player, who has perhaps a wider experience of the game of bridge than anyone living, said quite lately that he won more money year by year from the No Trump declarations made by his opponents than from any cards that he or his partner held.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### SCHOOLS AND NATIONAL PHYSIQUE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dover, 31 August, 1907.

SIR,—I fear that the evils which Mr. Constable points out in his letter are too deep-seated to be cured by the playgrounds for which he begs. The success of the industrial schools of which he is so justly proud is, I think, due to the fact that in these schools the whole of the boys' lives is controlled, and the training is largely practical and manual; whereas elementary day-school pupils are under school authority for about eleven hundred hours, or one-eighth only of each year, and suffer intellectually and morally from the bookishness of our educational methods during that eighth. Even if another eighth were spent in organised games in good playgrounds—and how these are to be discovered and rendered accessible to children living in the midst of great cities is a very difficult problem—still three-quarters of the children's school lives would be lived to a great extent haphazard, with the poor and insufficient food, the crowded bedrooms and all the other disadvantages from which the town poor suffer. If boarding-schools in healthy rural districts could be provided on a large scale for the elementary-school children who now fill the slum schools of our great cities, some improvement in their physique and morale would ensue, and both ratepayers and parents would probably find the change from the present system economical, while the nation would certainly benefit. The chief difficulty would be as regards holidays. If the children returned to their parents at these times, the latter would have to keep ready for them all the year round sleeping-room which would be used for a few weeks only each year. A solution would have to be found in a reversal of the existing practice: parents would have to visit their children from time to time and occupy in rotation the parents' rooms, which might well form an integral part of every such boarding-school. Of course, parents would pay for their own and their children's maintenance according to their means, and the entry of children at these schools might well be voluntary at first—a privilege rather than a penance; though school medical authorities ought to be given power to order weakly children into them at any time. Healthy home life is impossible for the poor in great towns, and no good comes of blinking the fact.

The protection of industry by increasing the size and the towniness of industrial towns would strengthen the existing tendency towards degeneration of all sorts among town dwellers; whereas the protection of

agriculture—provided always that the increased profits of farming were not swallowed up by increased rent as the "classic" economists maintain they would be—would be a valuable step towards the re-establishment of our national physique. If food cost more in the towns rent would cost less, since overcrowding would be relieved by the prosperity of the countryside; and life in both town and country would be much more worth living, even, if a trifle more expensive, because it would be more free and healthy. Cheapness, the ideal of the Cobdenites, so often means nastiness.

The agricultural success of Denmark is, according to Sir Francis Channing, due to the Danish High Schools. Educationists in England have hitherto fought shy of agricultural education because it has usually connoted the turning of children into the fields at the minimum age with the minimum of training of any kind; but the necessary preliminary to any successful and extensive "back to the land" movement—for which there is real need whether there is any general inclination that way or not—the first step towards any satisfactory use of recent legislation must be a higher agricultural education, to which no such objection can be taken.

I remain, yours faithfully.

FRANK J. ADKINS.

### KING COAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 September, 1907.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Dyson, in his desire to justify the remission of the coal tax, may not be "so much concerned" as is the British public at large with the admitted truth that "the withdrawal of the export duty, by cheapening the cost of coal to the foreigner, leads to increased demand which in turn leads to increase in prices"; but he may be, as indeed is implied in his further observation, "Many of us who all our lives have been associated with the coal industry &c.", a very much interested party to the remission, and therefore somewhat of a special pleader.

Be this as it will, the fact remains that, with the removal of the export tax on coal, the price of coal to the British consumer has advanced, and is likely to be advancing *pari passu*, with the miners' wages and the foreign demand. "No matter", as another gentleman of the coal industry remarked upon a former occasion, "I don't care; the British public shall pay for it!" Argument recoils in the face of this: and so the British public, which, after all, consists of more than Mr. Dyson's "1,000,000 of workers whose livelihood depends upon coal production and consumption", does pay for it. At what cost to the small and smaller, the poor and the poorer customer during the hard on-coming winter?

The answer lies, Sir, in the remission of the export tax on coal, and with "Messrs. Greed Bros. and the Rapacity Company Unlimited".

Yours truly,

WILLIAM GARFORTH.

### MRS. CLOSE'S SCHEME FOR THE BETTER EDUCATION OF POOR-LAW CHILDREN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Gawenhurst, Southchurch Beach, Essex,  
3 September, 1907.

SIR,—Could you permit me to draw the attention of ratepayers and rate-spenders to an article appearing in the "Times" of Monday last, 2 September, anent the above?

It would be well for the country if every guardian, Poor-law official, and all ratepayers could read this article, which shows in eloquent terms what a priceless boon Mrs. Close's scheme would be to the country if universally adopted by the guardians.

There is also an admirable article in the "National Review" for August by Dr. Shadwell, who has recently

returned from a visit of inspection to Mrs. Close's schools in Canada, and whose speech at the Mansion House meeting, over which the Duke of Argyll presided, convinced all his hearers that the scheme was not only far and away the cheapest but the best for dealing with our flotsam and jetsam of the Poor-law.

When Sir William Treloar's Cripples' Home is inaugurated—I hear only a few thousands are now wanted—the Lord Mayor sees no reason why some of his tuberculous inmates cannot be sent to Mrs. Close's farms for the advantage of the fine and bracing atmosphere of Canada.

The "Daily Telegraph" of S. John, N.B., of 17 August, describes a visit that Lord and Lady Grey, Lieutenant-Governor Tweedie and party made to Mrs. Close's schools. "You have all seen", said Governor Tweedie, "the children when brought here from town and city life in England and the effect on their physique. This is, I think, an ideal place to rear a healthy, God-fearing race. . . . Miss Close has asked me to thank the farmers, friends and neighbours for the willingness they have shown to help by every means in their power. I hope thousands of children in the future will be brought to live and settle among this happy people. May they come in ever-increasing numbers to this happy land of Canada."

Yours with thanks,

H. R. GAWEN GOGAY,  
Conductor of Poor-law Notes  
in the Council's Journal.

#### G. W. E. R. AND CANON HOLLAND'S SERMONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your interesting review of "Vital Values" you seem to miss the most powerful and important sermon in the book. It is the last, and is called "The Gift of the Old World to the New". It was preached before the University of Oxford, and was recognised by all who heard it—non-Christians and Christians alike—as a real contribution to religious philosophy.

G. W. E. R.

#### THE GENEVAN SEPARATION BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Palais Tony Pin, Cimiez, Nice,  
30 August, 1907.

SIR,—Commenting on the separation in Geneva of Church and State (SATURDAY REVIEW, 24 August), you say that "though the majority of the canton is Protestant, the Catholics have been treated with the greatest consideration". If you refer to the hybrid "phantasmagoria" known diversely as the "Liberal", "National", "Reformed", "Old", "Christian" Catholic Churches, the proposition is true. If you refer to the one Roman Catholic Church in this canton it is false.

During the Kulturkampf of 1870-75 the Roman Catholics there were robbed of everything, just as they have been recently in France. They were deprived even of their church edifices, but had gradually recovered these (all but three) before the Separation Law of 1907. These spoliations were a flagrant violation of the Treaty of Turin, 1815. Geneva at that time was anxious to join the Swiss Confederation, which agreed to accept it as a canton, if the Government of Savoy and Piedmont would allow a certain number of parishes to be annexed to the city of Geneva in order to constitute a canton. This was done with the stipulation that these Catholic parishes should be guaranteed the unmolested possession of all their ecclesiastical property, religious liberty &c.; and that moreover the Genevan Government should continue to pay them certain annual subsidies for public worship which they had been receiving from the Government of

Savoy and Piedmont. All this was brushed aside from 1870-75 with the same unconcern with which the Third Republic has set aside the Concordat and its obligations; and, for thirty-five years, the Roman Catholics of the canton of Geneva have been compelled not only to maintain their own public worship and schools, but to pay taxes for the support of the Calvinistic Establishment and of that hybrid anomaly, which a Genevan statesman called "a phantasmagoria" of a Church, meaning Mr. Hyacinthe's reformed Catholic Church, which had been taken in tow soon after 1870 by the Calvinists and Freemasons of the Genevan State. It was really this connexion that brought about the separation in Geneva. People got tired of paying out money for the support of these apocryphal "National Catholic" parishes that had neither faithful nor pastors; and they were, moreover, ashamed of their unjust treatment of the Roman Catholics.

The Genevan Separation Bill, as far as Protestants and the jetsam and flotsam of the so-called "Old", "National", or "Liberal" Catholics are concerned, is a model of brevity and justice. (There are only three articles.) It would have been most gladly accepted by the Catholics of France.

The Separation Bill, carried by a majority of over eight hundred in the referendum, makes no restitution of any kind to Roman Catholics, but they are, at least, guaranteed the tranquil possession of their present Church property, and are relieved in future from the necessity of supporting Calvinism and Mr. Loyson's schism, or rather what began as such. For in a recent letter to the "Journal de Genève", he reminds us "that his conscience, painfully oppressed by his pretended collaborators, had compelled him to resign after acting as curé only one year in the official Church." He thinks that the Protestant Church of Geneva will survive "if its representatives avoid in the reconstruction of the national edifice all dogmatic formula . . . which at this hour would surely divide the Church and deprive it of its force and unity. But what saddens and fills me with anxiety," he adds, "is the fate of the Catholic Reform to which I am not a stranger in spite of the attitude of many members. What will be the fate of this Church that I founded in Geneva more than thirty years ago?" Can anything be more pathetic? The church of John Calvin, the dogmatist par excellence, can only be held together by the elimination of all "dogmatic formula", and a schismatic undertaking, in spite of every financial backing and State patronage, collapses during the lifetime of its promoter, the ex-Père Hyacinthe Loyson! A recent decree of the Genevan State Council requires that the pretty Gothic cathedral built by Monseigneur Mermillod sixty years ago be restored to the Roman Catholics within a year. The schismatics who have held it for thirty-five years have so neglected the building that it needs extensive and costly repairs. The State kindly undertakes to compensate the unlawful detainers of this property, whereas the rightful owners, it would seem, are the ones entitled to damages.

I was in Versoix (canton of Geneva) one Sunday in June and there saw some six hundred Catholics literally huddled together in a barn-like structure raised by them some thirty years ago, when they were deprived of their beautiful stone Gothic church, turned over to some apostate priest, a picturesque old man who now with flowing white locks officiates before empty pews. Two years ago a municipal decree restoring this church to the Catholics was ratified at Berne, but by some legal trick the execution was held up. Its restoration is however only a question of time.

The "Tribune" of Geneva, which with the "Journal" conducted a fierce campaign against separation, indignantly exclaimed one day: "Will the Catholics never be satisfied till they obtain the cathedral of St. Peter?" They would indeed be foolish to content themselves with anything short of complete justice. The Swiss Catholics have increased by one million in the last century it appears.

J. N. BRODHEAD.

## REVIEWS.

## LEAGUES AND LAWLESSNESS.

"Ireland: To-day and To-morrow." By E. B. Iwan-Müller. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Walter Long M.P. London: Chapman and Hall. 1907. 3s. 6d. net.

"The Unknown Power behind the Irish Nationalist Party: its Present Work and Criminal History." By the Editor of "Grievances from Ireland". London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1907. 5s. net.

A WELCOME feature in Mr. Iwan-Müller's little book on current Irish problems is its sterling common-sense, and we may observe that he has not maintained the old tradition of "common-sense expressed in turgid language" which was supposed to be the ideal of the young lions of the "Daily Telegraph" when Matthew Arnold studied them. The "special commissioner" of a newspaper travelling in Ireland—or anywhere else—generally sees what he expected, but Mr. Iwan-Müller evidently knew a good deal about the country twenty years ago, and his evidence as to changed conditions is of real value. He does not in the least exaggerate the conditions of social war and moral anarchy which existed in the early 'eighties. Revisiting Ireland this year, he is struck by two very noticeable features, a marked improvement in the material condition of the people, and the existence of new political cross-currents. As to the former, his impressions coincide with those of many Irishmen who have returned after a long absence. The average farmer is far more comfortable in his means, the cottages are better and neater, the general standards of dress and comfort are higher, and the lower middle-class, at any rate among southern Roman Catholics, have begun to aspire to positions in life which their grandfathers would have considered quite unattainable.

All this the ordinary travelling tourist, having no means of comparison with the past, is unable to discover. Unfortunately it means, on the whole, not so much that the country is richer as that existing wealth has been redistributed. The landed gentry have paid for the amelioration of the farmers, and the latter owe most of their increased prosperity to the impoverishment of the old governing class. Taking the nation as a whole, no doubt the progress has been real. But the fact that the farmers have gained, not by their own industry or improved methods, but by a social revolution which has forced the State to cut down rents far below any figure justified by change in prices, has had most serious results on the character of the people. The author points out that when Davitt took up the teaching of Fintan Lalor, and found in agrarian agitation a "locomotive" to drag the separatist movement, the new policy "robbed the cause of Irish independence of all its heroism. Separation was to be effected, not by the invocation of the majestic spirit of patriotism, but by appeals to cupidity in its least attractive guise". The invocation continues stridently enough, and when cattle are driven from a "ranche" the local brass band may be counted upon to oblige with patriotic tunes. But the revolutionary movement in Ireland has been accompanied by a good deal more humbug than is incidental to most rebellions. Ireland, as Mr. Iwan-Müller shows, is not really a very poor country, but the average Nationalist politician delights to assure his English friends that it is, while at home he works very hard to prevent its becoming richer. Humbug, as this book points out, has invaded the Gaelic League also, but the best spirits in that organisation are really trying to make Irishmen self-respecting and self-supporting, to encourage industry, to discourage drink, and to formulate a national ideal which shall not begin and end with the design of removing one's neighbour's landmark. Wrong-headed as we believe Sinn Féin to be, it does not, like the United Irish League, depend upon pecuniary covetousness. Actual observation has convinced the author that in the West the United Irish League has a more efficient machinery for terrorism and intimidation than was possessed by the Land League, and it is possible that the events of

the next few months will convince a good many other people of this fact. The United Irish League is not an idealistic patriotic society: it is a sordid combination of farmers and shopkeepers who intend to make something out of it. It is instinct with the spirit of the petty bourgeoisie—that spirit which all genuine revolutionaries detest. If every publican were banished from Ireland to-morrow, the United Irish League would fall to pieces. It has no sympathy for the labourers, while it fosters the meanest kind of vindictiveness against the gentry. It is Tammany transplanted, masking with a cloud of democratic catchwords the commonplace cupidity of its real aims. And it is this organisation which is represented by the Nationalist party in the House of Commons, whose better members, powerless to reform it, have not yet had the courage to defy it. We lately came across an instructive instance of the United Irish League patriot at home. He was the only substantial shopkeeper in a small western village: all the struggling farmers of the district were on his books, and to many of them he had lent money on iniquitous terms. He and his relatives had between them secured places on the county council and the local board of guardians, and had added to these some paid posts such as that of veterinary inspector—a position with great opportunities of blackmail. Functionaries subject to popular election, such as the dispensary doctor, were completely in their power. The county councillor in the family combined the positions of justice of the peace and commercial traveller for a whisky distillery. Any publican who did not stock his whisky (and give him free drinks whenever he passed) was liable to have difficulties when the question arose of the renewal of licenses. The instance is absolutely authentic, and the parish priest is the only man in the neighbourhood, where there are no resident gentry, with courage to oppose the local tyrant. The priest will win if he can get a co-operative agricultural bank started, but it is not every priest who will fight the local capitalist, for very often the capitalist has near relatives in Orders who cannot believe that a man subscribing generously to the Church is really a blot upon the parish. Here we have in its crudest form the tyranny of capital, yet the capitalist is an ardent Nationalist in political profession, and asks his victims to rejoice in the downfall of landlordism and the coming expulsion of what Mr. Birrell and the meanest moonlighter alike denounce as "the Protestant garrison". This man does more evil to the country in a year than has been done in a lifetime by Lord Clanricarde, who, as is proved by Mr. Iwan-Müller, and as is perfectly well known to the Nationalists, "is not a rapacious or extortionate landlord", however much he may have failed to observe the duties of property.

We commend to all who wish to penetrate the unusually perplexing mazes of current Irish politics the account of the political cross-currents to be found in this book. The author's standpoint is frankly Conservative and Imperialist, and his examination of Irish questions neither is nor claims to be exhaustive. But his information is sound, and that counts for much at a time when Chief Secretaries devote all their ingenuity to cloaking inconvenient facts. Mr. Iwan-Müller develops the thesis that Devolution would be more harmful than Home Rule, and Home Rule worse than Separation, while of course he regards Separation as out of the question. Mr. Walter Long in a straightforward and interesting introduction endorses this seeming paradox, for which there is much to be said.

Amongst the leagues and movements discussed by Mr. Iwan-Müller is the Ancient Order of Hibernians, to which a small volume is devoted by the editor of "Grievances from Ireland" (the publication which annoys Nationalists so much that they accuse Lord Ashdown of blowing up his own house). Now very few people know much about this Order, which at present is strongest amongst the Roman Catholics of Ulster than elsewhere. It is an exclusively Roman Catholic society, and includes among its objects certain laudable purposes of confraternity and mutual aid. But it is also violently political. The oddest feature about its present status is that it is banned as a secret society by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in

Scotland, while it is warmly supported by many priests in Ireland. We do not attach much importance to its shadowy descent from sixteenth and seventeenth century robbers and Rapparees. Do not Orders of Foresters composed of eminently respectable tradesmen glorify Robin Hood, who was not strictly honest or law-abiding? But the history of the Order in America shows that in the "Molly Maguires" of Pennsylvania the Hibernians developed as a side branch a murder club which was never repudiated or denounced by the main body. It is quite possible that the Order in Ireland may present to daring spirits a combination of the charms of the old secret "Ribbon" societies with the sectarian zeal of the modern Catholic Association. But the author of the book can prove nothing. He thinks that the Order is itself "the unknown power" to which Mr. Redmond referred as a valuable ally in the background. But argument on these lines leads to the same kind of confusion as was unconsciously encountered by Herbert Spencer when he devoted a great many pages to telling the world all that he knew about "The Unknowable". Mr. Redmond probably referred to the physical-force Nationalists, strong in the United States, who are certainly not identical with the "Ancient Order", to which many of them no doubt belong. At the same time the Hibernians deserve attention, since they seem to be growing in influence, and have already been heard of in their corporate capacity at a bye-election. Their influence is necessarily reactionary, and seems likely to do more injury to the idealists who wish to unite Irishmen of all creeds in a genuinely national revolutionary movement than to the British Empire.

#### "OLD GROG."

"Admiral Vernon and the Navy." By Douglas Ford. London: Fisher Unwin. 1907. 10s. 6d. net.

REFRESHMENTS have their fashions and the preference shown by seamen for mild bottled beer presages the passing of the grog-tub. The fame of Vernon rests however on a more durable foundation than the pedestal usually chosen for his figure, and even if he had done nothing else for his country, his taking of Porto Bello will always rank as a brilliant naval achievement.

A capable seaman and able commander of unquestioned gallantry whose undoubted abilities were fully appreciated by his contemporaries, "Old Grog" had two capital enemies—his tongue and his pen. If only some kind friend could have hidden his inkpot he might have received more posthumous honour than has fallen to his share.

The letters of Vernon reveal great want of tact, a constitutional defect bound sooner or later to bring him into hot water; and though Mr. Ford considers his hero merely committed a technical breach of discipline in publishing the two pamphlets which caused his name to be struck off the list of flag-officers, an admiral who will indulge a fancy for pamphlets and make public official correspondence without leave from the powers that be cannot well complain when he finds himself dropped upon at headquarters.

On the monument in Westminster Abbey is a neat abstract of Vernon's public career, but his title to memory does not rest alone on the services therein specified. His efforts to improve the tactical conditions of his day are less well known than his capture of Porto Bello and untiring advocacy of the interests of the man on the lower deck; yet it was "Old Grog" who initiated the system that gave elasticity to the stereotyped Fighting Instructions which by reason of their rigidity are commonly supposed to have brought about a period of tactical stagnation. The germ of those Additional Instructions which, supplementing the old standing form, illustrate the progress of naval thought up to the time when they were finally superseded by the signal-book, has been discovered by Mr. Julian Corbett in the signals and articles used by Vernon in the West Indies, and the reputation of "that provident great admiral" as a tactical reformer ought

thereby to be assured. The book claimed by Mr. Douglas Ford to be a "vindication" of the admiral's career and "critical reply to Smollett and other historians" is insufficient for either purpose: it contains nothing that is not already known about Vernon, is decidedly uncritical in tone and is padded to a large extent with material which concerns neither Admiral Vernon nor the Navy. Where the movements of fleets have to be referred to in the course of the narrative the information given about them is quite inadequate to give the reader any conception of what really occurred; and when Mr. Ford passes from quotation his loose manner of arranging facts sometimes makes the relation of an incident actually misleading.

Accuracy moreover is not a distinguishing feature of his work, for we are told that "all admirals now hoist the white ensign", that Nelson contracted dysentery at Honduras and was deprived of an arm at Cadiz. The following will also be news to most people and is not an unfair example of the way in which Mr. Ford has chosen to write history: "From the time of Alfred the Great, the British Navy has claimed to be first among equals, the salute coming from the foreigner and being acknowledged by the British warship. The Dutch refused to acknowledge the International rule in 1675, and the French disputed it in 1704, when Vernon had been only two years in the naval service. Since then all foreign navies have conformed to precedent."

Some of the space wasted in describing the physical peculiarities of the mistresses of Royalty might have been utilised to greater advantage to notice the taking of the fortress of Chagres by Vernon in the spring of 1740. That exploit is curious as affording the first instance of the fall of a fortress through the simple bombardment by ships unassisted from the shore. In his account of the attack on Carthagena, to justify the inaction of Vernon Mr. Ford repeats the allegation that the shoals of the harbour prevented the nearer approach of any of the British warships, but Admiral Colomb was not so ready to accept this excuse and has pointed out that "there was seven fathoms water close up to where Fort Pastelillo is now shown on the 1854 plan, that is within a thousand yards of the town."

As Mr. Ford moralises on the necessity for referring to contemporary records before condemning dead men who happen to be disparaged by modern historians, we are entitled to complain of his frequent omission to furnish the names of his authorities; for he often forgets to remember his own recommendation to respect the "quality of mercy" and his "historical judgments" appear to be those of a strong partisan.

#### A SHE-ODYSSEUS.

"The Life of Isabella Bird (Mrs. Bishop)." By Anna M. Stoddart. London: Murray. 1906. 18s. net.

WHEN Mrs. Bishop lay dying, her biographer relates that she "held up her white delicate hands and looked at them. 'They will not obey me now; and oh! I have so much to say to the world as I lie here, for my brain is strong and thoughts crowd upon each other.'" She wanted to tell the West more about the East, and Christians more about the other sheep not of this fold. Mrs. Bishop, despite her Evangelical training, had fully shared the conventional traveller's dislike of upsetting propagandas, and would go twenty miles afield to avoid a mission station. She was converted, she told the public, by seeing in year after year of Asiatic travelling the "desperate needs" and "awful, pressing claim" of nations that sat in tenebris et umbra mortis; and thenceforth felt that she must consecrate all her great powers and opportunities to missionary advocacy. Nevertheless, she pointed out grave mistakes—for instance in China "the waste of working power and the scandal among natives caused by the ceaseless marryings and maternities of missionary women", and the disgust caused to the dignified oriental mind by feminine freedoms and breaches of propriety. Mrs. Bishop desired, indeed, that all lady missionaries should, after the example of the Inland Mission, adopt Chinese costume. And while the

inherent rottenness of the hoary heathenisms of the world sank daily into her soul, she was alive to the better side of human nature—eulogising, for instance, the gigantic scale of organised benevolence in China, and the patience and persevering self-denial with which an infinite variety of charities are administered by small and great. In spite of corrupt officialism, peace, order and prosperity prevail.

The Koreans seemed to her "the dregs of a race—indolent, cunning, limp and unmanly", dirty and demon-ridden. Yet they were neither stupid nor bad, and "one of the most hopeless of countries" came to seem to her a very seed-plot for Christianity. She would have liked Corea to benefit by the good government and prosperity introduced by Russian rule into Manchuria, where she found the much-abused "bureaucratic" officials "beyond all description charming, courteous, hospitable, helpful, doing everything that kindness could do to further my projects". At Mukden, strong Protestant as she was, she was indignant that only the Roman Catholic missionaries remained at the outbreak of war at their posts—if we remember rightly there was no Anglican station there. She felt sure that only ascetic and self-renunciatory methods can influence the East, the Roman fault being rather that of political ambition.

It was its refusal to occidentalise orientals that attracted Mrs. Bishop to the Archbishops' mission of aid to the ancient East Syrian Church, the claims of which she constantly advocated; and in fact it was among the primitive confessors and martyrs of Kurdistan that she exchanged her indifference to missions for eager advocacy. Being taken down to dinner one day at Mr. Murray's by Mr. Gladstone she was keenly questioned about Kurdish atrocities inflicted on Armenians and Nestorians. At the end, might she in turn ask him a question? What was the Nestorian heresy? "Ah", said he, laying down his knife and fork and wheeling round in his chair, "that is a matter in which I am profoundly interested." And he entered on a long, learned and precise exposition of the whole schism, quoting historians, fathers of the Church, modern critics, without pause or failure of memory, for half an hour, leaving her amazed." For all that, the suffering Nestorians—if the Syrian Christians ought really to bear that name—never interested Gladstone as the Armenians did, the arts of political agitation being quite foreign to them.

Low as was Mrs. Bishop's opinion of Mohammedanism generally, it is in Morocco that she chiefly believed "Satan has his seat". The nobler Arab strain is giving way before an immense infusion of African blood. A day and night's ride for life—she was a woman of seventy with advanced spinal and heart disease—from Moorish desperadoes ended her travels. This intrepid and remarkable woman died 7 October, 1904. Miss Stoddart has been an almost too industrious biographer; yet this was rare "avis" in terris. We could have wished some cheap remarks about ecclesiastical Christianity away, and one or two bits of ignorance. "Dei gratiæ" is not the Latin for "Thank God", nor is a priest presented "with", but "to", a living.

#### THE RED MAN'S MIND.

**"My Life as an Indian: the Story of a Red Woman and a White Man in the Lodge of the Blackfeet."** By J. W. Schultz. Illustrated from Photographs. London: John Murray. 1907. 6s.

THE lurid reputation of the "Red-skins" of our younger days is slowly assuming another hue, as the sensational accounts of trappers, novelists, and others are being replaced by a more intimate knowledge of the daily life, ideas and ideals of the Plains Indians, as ethnologists are now agreed to term them. The latest popular effort to lift the veil is by Mr. J. W. Schultz, who for many years lived among the Blackfeet as a trader, and frequently he lived as one of themselves. Being a "squaw-man" he was able to gain a more perfect knowledge of his adopted tribe than would have been the case had he married a white

woman, and it is from this point of view that his book acquires its chief value.

Even under favourable conditions and with the best of intentions it is difficult, almost impossible, for a white man to appreciate the native mind. How much more must this be the case when the contact is one of conflict, and, whether aggressive or economic, the relations between the Americans and the aborigines have almost always been of this nature. Even under peaceful association there has always been a psychological barrier between the two races. The emotional instability and lack of reticence of the average white man are very distasteful to the psychic continence of the American Indians, a quality which they share with most Asiatic peoples. One is apt to regard this as an inherent trait, but investigations have shown that many savage and barbaric peoples recognise the value of restraint and many ceremonies are performed and much instruction is inculcated in order to produce this result. The impassiveness of the American Indian has become a commonplace in literature, but only those who have lived his life or been privileged to join in his secret ceremonies realise that beneath his imperturbable presence there lie those gentler emotions which we perhaps are often too prone to exhibit to public gaze. Another feature which ethnological research has demonstrated is the extreme devoutness of these people; emotional revivals occur among them, such as the Ghost Dance, as they frequently do among Europeans, but these are merely psychic storms that occasionally stir up the placid depths of their religious life. The latter, however, is scarcely the right term to employ, for they have not a religious life that is distinct from their secular life. It is more true to say that religion illumines their whole life; and the more thoughtful of them, and these are not a few, are constantly meditating on the relations of human conduct to the divine spirit that permeates the universe, for the belief in immanence is very real to them.

At the same time there is a joy in life, and an exuberance of spirit engendered by hunting game over a wide expanse of prairie that often manifests itself in man-hunting and in not a little cruelty, which was further increased by the unfortunate pride in acquiring scalps. Mr. Schultz reveals this dualism at every turn. The Fijian or Polynesian cannibals, before or immediately after their orgies, were polite and ceremonious, and the term "gentleman" may appropriately be applied to the head-hunters of Borneo; but there is no need to seek analogies in remote places—the same dualism occurs amongst ourselves. It is the presentation of both sides of the native character, though it must be admitted that the softer side is more prominently stated, that gives this book its peculiar value as a human document.

The hunting of the bison naturally occupies a prominent place in the book, and we have presented to us in telling language the effects of the appalling extermination of this noble beast upon the Plains Indians. It is scarcely exaggeration to say that the extermination of the bison necessitated also the extermination of the Indian, so closely was the former dependent upon the latter; and as a few small herds of the bison are artificially preserved in national parks, so are a few small tribes of the Indians artificially preserved in native reservations. As it is probable that the bison will become utterly extinct within a few years, unless reinforced by cross-breeding, so, too, miscegenation alone will perpetuate the strain of Indian blood in those areas which can be populated by the white man.

#### THE LATEST KEY TO THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

**"The Fourth Gospel: its Purpose and Theology."** By E. F. Scott. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1906. 6s. net.

IN the fourth Gospel we have a problem with data so numerous, and with so much to be said on either side, that an able writer, whether conservative or liberal, can always make out a case which seems

convincing until we read the next book. The most notable works of late upon the subject have been those of Dr. Sanday and Dr. Drummond; both were conservative and maintained the Johannine authorship, though Dr. Drummond allowed considerable freedom to the author in his treatment of the history. The turn has now come for the other side; Professor Burkitt in his recently published lectures dismissed the Gospel rather summarily, denying that either the narrative or the discourses could be regarded as history; and now Mr. Scott has contributed a very solid and able monograph to the same purpose. We think that it is hardly possible for the case to be put more fully, more clearly, or more temperately than in the volume before us; and though we may disagree with its arguments and conclusions we cannot but admire the admirable way in which they are presented.

The author's abilities lie in the realm of biblical theology rather than in that of historical criticism, though it is really impossible to separate the two; our estimation of the theology of a book will depend largely on our judgment as to its date and authorship. But Mr. Scott, mainly to save time as he tells us in his preface, has started by assuming the results "generally accepted by Continental scholars" as to the date and authorship of the Gospel; and even such a highly debatable point as the relation of the Last Supper to the Passover is settled for us by the simple process of saying that "as is well known" the author of the fourth Gospel has ante-dated the Crucifixion by a day. A good deal therefore is assumed without argument, and as we read the book we are frequently conscious that there are other explanations of the facts, which are untouched by the author. He takes it for granted that the evangelist wrote in the first quarter of the second century, and was a Christian learned in Greek philosophy and especially in Philo; and on this assumption his work is explained. The author felt himself called upon to re-interpret the Gospel message to the larger Greek world, to restate it in the terms of the current philosophy. But his message was not only to the Greeks; Jewish opposition to Christianity had developed since the Apostolic age; it was no longer the old controversy as to the observance of the law, but deeper questions such as the divinity of Christ, salvation by faith, and the doctrine involved in the Lord's Supper; the author had these in mind and set himself to answer them. More than that, the members of the Church were themselves beginning to split up into sects and heresies; it was necessary to maintain unity by strict organisation and a definite creed, and so the Gospel was also written in the interests of these; while as the tendency of the age was towards externalism strong insistence had to be laid on the necessity of spiritual religion. A strange belief in the mystical importance of numbers also exercised an influence on the evangelist's mind; and so he selected—or invented—his incidents largely in order to get them into groups of sevens and threes. As he drew out such a complicated programme and had to keep so many things in mind, it is hardly to be expected that he would be successful throughout; and Mr. Scott is not prepared to give him unreserved praise. He grants that he has seen and explained truths in our Lord's teaching, and truths as to His Person, which the Synoptists had never completely grasped; that he has been clever enough to write a veiled polemic against Gnosticism and at the same time to appropriate its higher elements and make them part of the Church's faith; and that he has rightly laid the foundation of Christian theology in the person of Christ. But, Mr. Scott maintains, in his endeavour to broaden that theology he has seriously modified its original character, and has introduced ideas alien from the whole spirit of Christ's teaching; he has in fact attempted a task beyond his or any man's powers, and has compiled a theology full of contradictions; it contradicts other books of the New Testament and it contradicts itself. The evangelist is always striving to reconcile traditional Christian dogma with his own thought; but he frequently fails, and so his message is in a great measure confused and obscure.

This is, we think, a fair statement of Mr. Scott's theory, and at the same time the most damaging criticism of it. As we read the fourth Gospel surely

there is nothing that impresses us more than the calm, majestic simplicity of the narrative; it is difficult to believe that this is a delusion, and that not only is it arranged on a most artificial and complicated plan but that every other verse is a veiled and indirect allusion to some second-century problem. Some of the allusions indeed are veiled so deeply that we cannot see them; who would imagine that the parable of the Good Shepherd was intended to strengthen the new ecclesiastical system and to elevate not only the tone but also the office of the episcopate? or that the evangelist places our Lord's Ascension on the same day as the Resurrection (if he does) in order to affirm the identity of the exalted Lord with the Jesus who had revealed Himself in the flesh? These are not the only specimens of exegesis which seem to us unnatural; we are elsewhere told, in illustration of the evangelist's attitude towards our Lord's miracles, that the nobleman's appeal for his son was only answered because the people would not believe on Christ without the witness of signs and wonders; and that the human compassion of Christ, so prominent in the first three Gospels, is absent in the fourth, the famous verse "Jesus wept" being not a contradiction but an illustration of this; those words "do not mark the humanity of Jesus, but rather His divine exaltation. From His own untroubled height He surveyed the misery of our mortal lot, and wept". At such a statement as this we rub our eyes; it is a new interpretation indeed, and the necessity which is the mother of such an invention must be dire.

What is the result then which Mr. Scott's book leaves on our mind? We find ourselves almost where we were before. We do not deny that the fourth Gospel is a refutation of Gnosticism and of Judaism, or that it teaches, as perhaps no other book in the New Testament does, the necessity of spiritual religion; but it is one thing to hold that Christ's life and teaching, thoughtfully presented, were a sufficient preservative of true belief; another to suggest that a new theology had to be manufactured in the second century, with a new life of Christ to show that the theology was not new; and that the author took this very indirect way of denouncing error when the much simpler method of writing an epistle was open to him. Again, the truths emphasised in this Gospel do not appear to us to require a second-century framing; no doubt they would suit such a frame, but we ought carefully to distinguish between features which harmonise with a particular date and features which positively demand it. The errors and dangers to which Mr. Scott draws attention no doubt existed in the second century, but can we not find traces of them in the first? Could we not draw up a list of them from the Pauline Epistles? and if they were errors and dangers, would not a faithful presentation of the Saviour as He appeared to the disciple who knew Him best be the finest antidote to them?

Professor Burkitt has expressed his conviction that the Christ of the fourth Gospel is not the Christ of history, but the Christ of Christian experience; and Mr. Scott's book emphasises the same view. This is a most convenient phrase; but the inevitable question is sure to arise, "Can the Christ of Christian experience be different from the Christ of history?" Is it not a gentle way of telling us that our experience has played us false, and has painted for our adoration a picture which is quite different from the reality? We cannot have both at the same time if they differ fundamentally; and the Christ of the fourth Gospel claims to be the Christ of history.

#### NOVELS.

"The Dreams of Simon Usher." By Algernon Gissing. London: Chatto and Windus. 1907. 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. Gissing has invented a central figure in whom it is possible to take an interest but who cannot easily be understood. Simon Usher, running away as a boy from a Yorkshire factory town, finds a home in a Northumberland fishing village, where with little difficulty he becomes a leading person. His life is dominated by a romantic affection for a woman old enough to be his mother. In order to avenge her wrongs he enters the

employ of the man who had injured her, and following the line of least resistance becomes this man's business partner and son-in-law. His dreams lead him to develop ugly traits of cruelty and treachery, and we confess we do not know what to make of him, and can hardly follow Mr. Gissing in his manipulation of events towards a happy ending. The story seems not only unusual but unreal; still the characters are striking.

**"Love the Judge."** By Wymond Carey. London: Methuen. 1907. 6s.

This is the sentimental history of a modern millionaire, and Mr. Carey cannot give financial enterprise that air of reality the secret of which seems to have died with Harold Frederic. Dick Forster plunges into financial frays and smashes rival syndicates, but really Mr. Carey knows no more than we how such things are done on the Stock Exchange. All this, however, is but the background. Forster is closely concerned with three women. For one, who had helped him in his poverty, he feels an affectionate camaraderie which a censorious world misconstrues. When a millionaire pays the husband of a pretty woman to go and live in South America, while he finances the lady and is constantly in her company, ill-natured people form unwarrantable conjectures. The second woman is a very clever and unscrupulous girl whose ambitions originally made her wish to marry Forster: much to her annoyance she comes to fall in love with him. He is attracted by her culture, her large outlook, and her originality: the attraction endures even after she tries to console him for a financial smash by advising him to learn Greek—in a long speech which reads like an extract from a University Extension lecture. Last comes a simple, country-bred girl, much flattered by his notice (though Dick is hardly the man to be at his best in a county set). Forster's chivalrous sympathy is enlisted on her behalf, and the end of the story can be soon foreseen, though the young lady's narrow righteousness threatens to complicate matters. The book is not a plea for polygamy, as our remarks unhappily might suggest. There are effective situations, it is cleverly written, and the good and patchily-good people are very idealistic. It is so clever that we should like to be able to take it as a serious study of human life rather than as an ambitious essay in romance.

**"Affairs of State: being an Account of certain Surprising Adventures which Befell an American Family in the Land of Windmills."** By Burton E. Stevenson. London: Chatto and Windus. 1907. 6s.

Novels of diplomacy must be very good to be tolerable, and Mr. Stevenson has not the equipment necessary to make his treatment of continental politics convincing. We are becoming very tired of the German Emperor's supposed aggressive designs, which appear in this as in so many other feeble works of fiction. Nor do we care for an English earl's younger brother who for some hidden reason bears the courtesy title of Viscount and speaks pure American. However, people who do not object to trifling solecisms of this kind may possibly find entertainment in the flirtations of two American girls with a British diplomat and a German princeling. But even the hardened novel-reader may find the French police-spy of this book—a person who claims to represent the views of his Government in negotiation with the British Foreign Secretary—somewhat too stagey.

their forefathers; or at any rate far less need than we do now. However, we must be glad that so many able, thoroughly-equipped men have now taken the work in hand. Paulines may well rejoice that their great school has found an admirable editor in Mr. R. B. Gardiner. No one is more steeped in the Pauline tradition than he; to all living Paulines there is no more essential and characteristic Pauline figure than he. Mr. Gardiner was the one man for this work. He has now completed his task by bringing the Pauline lists down to 1905. This concluding volume covers the great period of Mr. Frederick W. Walker's High Mastership. This singular genius took over the school at a critical time and left it higher in every way than it had ever been before. It is only in after years that those who were trained under this great man can realise what they owe to him. The best school-masters are probably seldom the most liked by boys at the moment; the most respected they are always. Turning over the names on the old school list for one's own period is interesting and fascinating; but it is always rather melancholy work. Some have died; some "gone under"; and of those who have succeeded one has lost touch with most. Truly the last "breaking-up" at school is a break-up for ever.

**"The Old Testament in the New: the Warburtonian Lectures for 1903-1907."** By E. C. S. Gibson. London: Wells Gardner. 1907. 3s. 6d.

The ordinary student does no more than notice the texts from the Old Testament that are quoted in the New; and to do even this carefully is valuable. But direct quotations give only a faint idea of the extent to which the two books are intertwined; in imagery, modes of thought, and methods of argument the New Testament is so bound up with the Old that we lose half its meaning unless we know at any rate the psalms and the prophets through and through. The Bishop of Gloucester does; and he has been wise in taking as the subject of these lectures the unacknowledged influence of the Old Testament upon the New. He has produced a most interesting book, popular and yet solid; and most readers will find something that is new to them in his pages. To take two points only: many will read his treatment of the subject of atonement with a feeling both of surprise and of satisfaction; and his interpretation of our Lord's prophecy as to "the last things" in St. Matthew is certainly impressive, even if it does not seem convincing. Our thanks are due to Dr. Gibson for an excellent little piece of work.

**"English Church History, from the Death of Charles I. to the Death of William III."** Four Lectures. By A. Plummer. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1907. 3s. net.

Dr. Plummer has already brought out two volumes of excellent lectures on English Church History; the first from the death of Henry VII. to that of Archbishop Parker, the second to the death of Charles I.; and his third volume is as vigorous and as interesting as its predecessors. He has the art of being popular and thorough at the same time, and his sense of proportion enables him to choose the best illustrations of his subject and not to quote too many; all his anecdotes are good and to the point, and most of them are fresh. And there are two other things we would say in his praise. He is shrewd without being cynical in his judgment of character; we seem to understand Charles II. better from this little book than from other and longer volumes. And he is fair in his judgment of religious parties; with the result, humiliating no doubt, that he is forced to be equally severe on the Roman Catholics, the Church of England and the Nonconformists. We hope such a healthy book as this may have a large sale.

**"Revue des Deux Mondes."** 1 Septembre. 3 fr.

This number is an interesting one. There is an article by M. Arminjon on the financial crisis through which Egypt has been passing and which is not yet at an end. He thinks, however, that the worst is past and that the great financial circles of London and Paris would be wise to imitate the example of

(Continued on page 308.)

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

**"The Admission Registers of S. Paul's School from 1876 to 1905: Edited, with Biographical Notes, by the Rev. Robert Barlow Gardiner, Surmaster."** London: Bell. 1906.

The attention lately given to the annals of our schools is one of the most creditable evidences of modern historic industry. Every additional volume of school lists makes one regret the more that our forefathers saw no need to consider

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Belgium, and take a more personal interest in the supervision of the enterprises they have contributed to found. There is a good story by M. Renaudin, "Un Pardon", containing a profound character-study. General Zurlinden writes in a very clear and lucid style on the battle of Fontenoy, and claims to give at length the really true and authentic account of that almost legendary struggle. It appears that the French Guard really did invite the English to fire first, but that the French victory was not entirely due to the valour of the Irish Brigade. Marshal Saxe receives full credit for his directing genius.

Messrs. Methuen have issued a convenient little English edition of the "Guida Spirituale" of Molinos ("The Spiritual Guide which disentangles the Soul", by Michael de Molinos. Edited, with an introduction, by Kathleen Lyttelton, and a note by H. Scott Holland. London: Methuen. 1907. 2s.). The translation is a reprint of the English version made in 1688 from the Italian edition printed at Venice in 1685; the introduction, by the late Mrs. K. Lyttelton, is adequate without being too long, and will help English readers to appreciate a book which deserves to be widely known.

### SCHOOL BOOKS.

"Moral Instruction: Middle Stage." By H. Major B.A., B.Sc. London: Blackie and Son. 1907. 1s. net.

If moral instruction is to be given at all in the schools, it is better that it should frankly be given as such than in that hybrid form known as Cowper-Temple teaching. The more in fact moral instruction is restricted and confined to purely work-a-day matters the more evident will appear the need for providing in addition for the spiritual instincts of the children by the establishment of a definite system of religious instruction. If this ethical teaching be confined to teaching how a man ought to live, the necessity of some sort of religious teaching as a simple metaphysical superstructure is at once apparent. Every individual asks himself the question, Why am I here, what is expected of me, what is my hereafter, what should be my attitude to the unseen and supernatural? The creeds alone can answer this question, and hence, to our minds, if morality and religion are to be taught apart it is better to separate them clearly and distinctly than allow them to be confounded in the child's mind by such a medley as Cowper-Temple teaching, that muddles up the two inextricably and makes any further religious instruction seem superfluous. Books like Mr. Major's "Moral Instruction" frankly admit that the supernatural is not their sphere. They adopt the purely ethical standpoint and stick to it. Mr. Major's book possesses the further advantage of teaching by example rather than by precept alone. The greater part of the book is not taken up with laying down the law, but by giving stories to illustrate its workings.

"The Beginners' Book of Greek." By Douglas H. Marshall M.A. London: Arnold. 1s. 6d.

The attacks on Greek at the ancient Universities have had the excellent result of making the upholders of classical scholarship bestir themselves and see whether some improvement cannot be effected in the present methods of teaching the subject. Mr. Marshall's little book for beginners shows many signs of the adoption of the newer practices in modern language teaching. He boldly begins with the complete sentences and passes on to regular translation as soon as possible by setting before the pupils an Atticised version of passages from Herodotus. Mr. Marshall does not disdain to talk about the Heuristic method and even quotes Herbart. The whole book is only about fifty pages in length, but it is the best fifty pages we have seen on the teaching of Greek. The trail of the practical teacher is over it all.

"Latin Exercises on Latin Models." By A. C. P. Lunn. London: Arnold. 1s.

"Latin Exercises on Latin Models" is an attempt to teach Latin constructions inductively by means of special sentences culled from various Latin authors. The idea is sound enough, but we venture to think the author would have done much better to have applied it to some definite class-book like say Caesar Bk. I., from which she could easily have collected a suitable number of examples, which would possess the additional merit of having already come under the pupil's eye during the translation lesson, and would therefore possess in his eyes an actuality to which these flowers of speech culled from so many authors could never attain.

"De l'Angleterre. Par Madame de Staël." Edited by W. G. Hartog B.A. London: Arnold. 1s. 6d.

Mr. Hartog has done well to pick out from Madame de Staël's "Considérations sur la révolution française" her views on England. The notes are adequate and there are some useful exercises at the end. The book would make an excellent selection for an advanced class.

"First Steps in Commercial French." By M. Albert Thouaille and E. S. Whitfield M.A. London: Blackie. 1907. 2s.

The principal difficulty in writing a book on commercial French is to decide where to begin. Is one to take for granted that the pupil knows nothing, or at what degree of knowledge must one presuppose the pupil has arrived? Messrs. Thouaille and Whitfield attempt to cater for the absolute beginner, but they go so quickly we fancy their book would be more useful to those who have already some grip of the language. In any case it is extremely well put together and represents a vast amount of intelligent sifting out and digestion of commercial expressions.

"Arithmetic for Schools." By the Rev. J. B. Lock M.A., with the assistance of V. M. Turnbull M.A. New Edition. London: Macmillan. 1907. 4s. 6d.

"An Elementary and Intermediate Algebra." By J. Lightfoot D.Sc., M.A. London: Ralph, Holland. 1907. 4s. 6d.

"A School Algebra." By F. Gorse M.A. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1907. 3s.

"A New Geometry for Middle Forms." By S. Barnard M.A. and J. M. Child B.A., B.Sc. London: Macmillan. 1907. 3s. 6d.

Owing to the recent reforms in mathematics there has been a great output of new books and much refurbishing up of older editions. Among the latter we note Lock's Arithmetic, which has taken in a new partner in the shape of Mr. V. M. Turnbull. Many of the scholastic puerilities that disfigured previous editions have been omitted, such as the pole in lineal measure and the explanation of obtaining cube root by Horner's method. Other lesser utilities such as duodecimals have also been excised, and recurring decimals have been relegated to the end of the book. Many questions requiring long calculations have also disappeared. We congratulate the editors on the amount of useless ballast they have jettisoned. Algebra, to far too many unfortunate pupils in the past, was a mere juggling with letters, a meaningless lotto which had no connection with what the pupil had been doing before and which led to nothing after. Mr. Lightfoot and Mr. Gorse avoid this ancient pitfall, and all who use their books will notice that algebra is really the short-hand of arithmetic. Mr. Gorse is the more elementary, but also the bolder. He bravely breaks with the old order, with the result that the average boy, for whom so few cater, will, we believe, find his Algebra a most stimulating book. Messrs. Barnard and Child seem somewhat late arrivals in the field already occupied by so many new Geometries. We will not say that the last will be first, but they have certainly profited by the cruder attempts of others and turned out a very serviceable book.

For this Week's Books see page 310.

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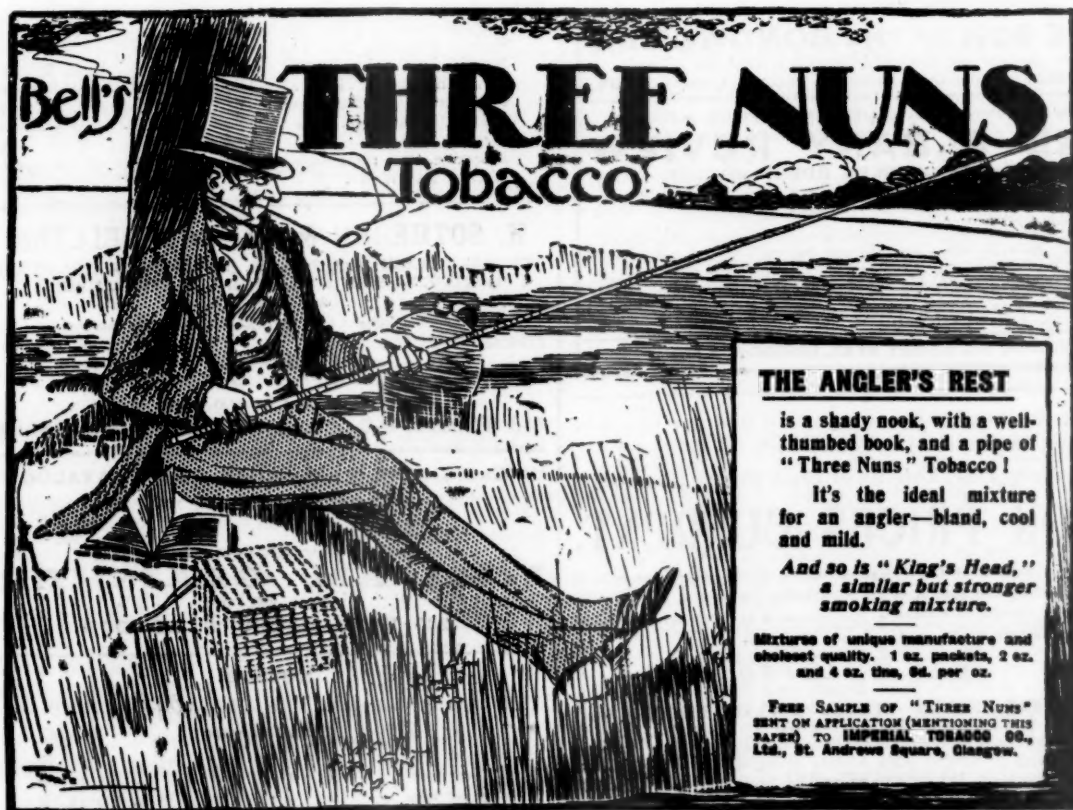
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